





Inscribed with cordial  
good will for Mrs Weston  
Westadter

James W. Foley



THE VOICES OF SONG

Introd. Note by  
T. Roosevelt

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Poetry



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# THE VOICES OF SONG

A BOOK OF POEMS

BY

JAMES W. FOLEY

AUTHOR OF

"BOYS AND GIRLS," "TALES OF THE TRAIL," ETC.



NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON AND CO.

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1916

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To

MY FRIEND

MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE

WHOSE CHEER HAS BEEN CONSTANT AND

WHOSE COUNSEL WISE

*Two hundred and fifty copies only of this special edition of "The Voices of Song" have been printed on Japan Vellum, each one numbered and signed by the author. This copy is number 202*

*Thomas A. Kelly*

## *INTRODUCTORY NOTE*

IT is now thirty-five years since I struck the Little Missouri, not long after it had been reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad. For a dozen years I owned a ranch, and at one time two ranches, on the river. At that time the country was in every respect a typical region of the old West—the west of the cattlemen; the west of Remington's pictures and Wister's tales. Indeed, as regards many of the old-timers there was a strong flavor of Bret Harte about them: I remember well a cowboy ball where in the lancers I stood opposite a lady whose partner, with whom she "danced down the middle," was "the man who shot Sandy McGee."

Among the friends I made was the father of the author of this volume. Mr. Foley was one of the comparatively few men of that time

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

and region who was devoted to reading and to books. Now and then, after six or eight weeks on the range with valued friends who were distinctly of a non-literary type, I would come in to spend an evening with Mr. Foley for the especial purpose of again listening to speech about books. At that time the present poet was one of the small Foley boys, and seemed far more likely to develop into a cow-puncher than a literary man. At different times he and his brothers worked for me and with me.

I think it was the author himself who, on one occasion in my absence, joined with my foreman Sylvane Ferris in improvising, out of my rather large collection of somewhat uncertain-tempered horses, a pair which it was deemed possible to harness to a wagon in order to take a certain Eastern college professor and his wife out to see the Bad Lands. The team, which was driven by "Foley's boy," ran away, and the unfortunate professor broke his leg. Sylvane Ferris related the incident to me, explaining that he had called on the professor—who was then undergoing convalescence in the very unattractive local hotel—and had

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

told him that in view of the accident he would not charge him anything for the rig. The professor retorted with some acerbity that he was glad some consideration was shown him, for he had begun to believe that the runaway team had been given him on purpose. "By George!" said Sylvane, "it made me hot to call that a runaway team. Why, one of them horses never could have run away before! He had never been druv but twice! As for the other horse, maybe he'd run away a few times; but there were lots of times he *hadn't* run away!"—which last statement Sylvane considered a guarantee of gentleness sufficient to please the most exacting.

So I can testify from personal knowledge that Mr. Foley writes his Western sketches not out of books, but out of his own ample experience, and as an old friend of the Little Missouri days I wish him well.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SAGAMORE HILL,  
*July 4, 1916.*



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THE VOICES OF SONG



## *THE VOICES OF SONG*

THEY come to me on wings of air, with  
plaintive lullabies,  
And many songs and music rare they  
bring from domeless skies.

Ah, me! They bid my soul be fair, and nobler  
dreamings rise!

Naught am I but interpreter of dreams they  
bring to me  
In hidden harmonies that were all veiled in  
mystery  
Until She bade them speak through Her—and  
She is Poetry.

So many, many moods beguile the sweetness  
of Her hours!  
She frowns, and now again Her smile has all  
the speech of flowers,

## *THE VOICES OF SONG*

And lulling dreams Her moments while in  
cool and shady bowers.

And often in the moonless night on wings of  
lurid flame,  
Her head all aureoled with light, in majesty  
She came,  
And bade me reach my pen and write—nor  
theme I knew, nor name.

Nor aught vouchsafing me of why, in Her  
imperious mood,  
She bade me only write, and I but little  
understood,  
Save I was slave to Her, to die or flourish, as  
She would.

Then voices whispered in my ears, like songs  
from distant choirs,  
And one told me the tale of tears, and one of  
those hot fires  
That flame through all the sweep of years in  
Time's consuming pyres.

And one was Laughter's merry tune, and one  
was like the rain

## *THE VOICES OF SONG*

That in the gloomy night-tide's noon but  
beats and beats again,  
Till crackling sedge and sandy dune are wet  
with tears of Pain.

Then War's tumultuous voice arose, in the  
harsh notes of Hate,  
And thrusts and shots and shouts and blows,  
and thirst insatiate  
For blood, and a red river flows where beakèd  
vultures wait.

And Love's voice was among the rest that  
murmured in my ears,  
With flute-like carolings, all blest with the  
delight of tears,  
As Grief, her sister, sably drest, walked with  
her down the years.

My soul was but a harp, and She played  
gloriously and long,  
As might a Master, curiously, with practiced  
touch and strong,  
Strike all the waiting strings to see if it were  
fit for song.

## *THE VOICES OF SONG*

Then all the babbling tongues were stilled,  
and in the dreamy night  
My flagging pen to words I willed. Alas!  
I could not write,  
And darkness all my senses filled that She  
had made so light.

Nor soul of man has understood, nor tongue  
of man can say  
Why never comes She when I would, nor  
prayers will bid her stay,  
But, like a lass for favor sued, turns in caprice  
away.

But Genius, like a lover, knows the songs of  
seraphim  
That follow in Her train, and goes with  
laughing eye or dim  
To sit with Her when Music flows and She  
would speak with him!

*THY PITY, LORD*

*THY PITY, LORD*

THE FIELD

BESIDE the cross we knelt and prayed;  
“Nay, Lord—not pity for these dead,  
For these have done with hate and war  
So what do they need pity for?  
These dead have all Life had to give,  
Thy pity, Lord, for these who live.”

THE FACTORY

Above the bier we looked and wept—  
The little casket where she slept,  
Whose childish soul was glad no more  
To hear the shrieking and the roar  
Of wheel and chain and belt and shaft;—  
This child of bondage;—how she laughed,  
I think, to be at rest and keep  
The final faith of Life with sleep.

### *THY PITY, LORD*

Above that bier we stood and said:  
“Nay, Lord—not pity for this dead,  
For she is one with Thee, who cried  
So long for all the world denied;  
But God, Thy pity and Thy grace  
For her who takes this dead child’s place.”

### THE TENEMENT

Above the place we stood, where went  
The gray hearse from the tenement,  
Hot, stinking, foul, into the shade  
Of trees that was so long delayed  
She could not wait to see—nor heard  
That long-dreamed singing of the bird  
In its own far-off tree—the song  
A world of strife withheld too long.

Above that place we stood and said:  
“Nay, Lord—not pity for this dead  
Who sleeps at last in one cool spot  
That all Life’s struggles yielded not;  
Thy pity, God, for those who bent  
Their ways back to the tenement.”

*THY PITY, LORD*

THE PRAYER

O God, Thy pity wilt Thou give  
To these, Thy children, who must live;  
To these who sorrow by the chance  
Of unpropitious circumstance;  
To these worn threadbare at the loom;  
To these grown pallid in the gloom  
Of shut-in places, and who cry  
Too soon for death, yet do not die.  
Thy dead have all Life had to give—  
Thy pity, God, for these who live.

*FRANCE*

*FRANCE*

THE Old Man and the Lad set forth  
By valleys cool and green,  
With vines upon belovèd hills  
And woods and brooks between.  
Then out upon the open plain  
They came, and all around  
Were crosses, white, like snow, and thick,  
So thick, upon the ground.

The Old Man bared his head, nor spake,  
His eyes were moist and dim;  
The Lad held fast the Old Man's hand,  
And closer crept to him;  
Then lifted off his cap, nor knew  
He why he did, and gazed  
In silence where, upon the field  
The crosses were upraised.

## FRANCE

Then in his childish wonder cried:

“See! See! The crosses are  
So thick there is scarce room for more,  
And they are scattered far  
As I can see on every hand!”—

“Hush, Lad, and bow thy head;  
These are the dead who died for France,  
For France,” the Old Man said.

“But there are many, many here,”  
The wondering Lad replied,—  
“Well I remember in my school  
A lad there was who died,  
And there were tears on every side,—  
How could enough tears be  
When all beneath these crosses died  
As you have told to me?”

“Aye, there were tears, Lad—tears that came  
From hearts, like blood, and wet  
Were all the eyes of France, like mine,  
And are, and will be yet  
An hundred years.” And then he brushed  
The tears away: “’Twas chance  
I came to weep just then,” he said,  
“These died for France—for France.”

## FRANCE

"But life is sweet," the Lad replied,

"So sweet; and love is, too,  
And air is oh, so fine to breathe  
And fields to wander through!  
Death is so terrible and cold."

The Old Man shook his head:

"Nay, Lad—Death has no terrors bold  
If 'tis for France," he said.

"Life were not sweet except for France,  
Air were not good for breath,  
Fields were not fair to wander through,  
And all of life were death  
If France should be no longer France,  
And these who died were glad  
That France, mayhap, should still be France  
For you to love, my Lad."

"And were they young and fair and strong?"

The Lad in wonder cried;

"Why could they not have lived, I say?"—

"'Tis France that would have died  
Had they not died for love of her,  
For such the circumstance  
Of trial was," the Old Man said,  
"They could not live—and France."

## FRANCE

“But what can be so dear as life,  
And light and love and breath?  
What treasure in the world be worth  
The awful price of death?”  
Thus spake the Lad. “Nor wealth, my Lad,  
Nor pomp, nor circumstance,  
Nor crown, nor sceptre, nay—nor aught  
In all the world, but France.”

The Old Man and the Lad went forth  
By valleys cool and green,  
With vines upon belovèd hills  
And woods and brooks between.  
“See! See! ’tis Home,” the Lad cried out  
With skip and spring and dance.  
The Old Man’s eyes were wet: “Aye, ’tis!”  
He murmured,—“Home—and France!”

*THE CHOSEN ONES*

*THE CHOSEN ONES*

**T**HAT fellowship of genius, unconstrained  
Of place or riches; nor its precincts  
gained

Of loud alarum; for a brazen gate,  
Thick-metale, bids the wanderer await  
Until the sacred password is approved  
By Him who loveth art for art beloved.

Nor ever ringeth false upon His ear  
That magic word that bids the gate swing  
clear,

The moated ditches close, the drawbridge fall,  
The sentinels move harmless on the wall,  
The feast be spread, the laureled wreath be  
wove,

For him who bears the signet-ring of Love.

Not any soul discordant at the feast,  
Not any greatest one or any least,

## *THE CHOSEN ONES*

But all of common stature, having sipped  
The cup whose golden sides have dripped and  
    dripped  
With the rare wine of Song, whose vineyards  
    lie  
Where the clear blue of the Parnassian sky  
Dips down to earth to lift the souls of men  
That fell from Heaven back to Heaven again.

And in that din and clamor I await  
The message that He sends who guards the  
    gate,  
To bid me come within or bid me lay  
My dreams aside and diligently stray  
By field and stream and under the blue sky,  
Seeking the truth afar with eager eye.

Through many a sleepless night and weary day  
To serve with gladness, suffer, learn, and pray,  
Until I gain the Secret, and the gate  
Shall be flung wide and those great souls  
    await  
To welcome me, who, like me, unafraid,  
Untiring, patient, at the altar laid

*THE CHOSEN ONES*

Their offerings once and once and once again,  
And once a hundred times, and more; till then  
They learned that Patience was the word that  
    bade  
The gate swing wide and waiting souls be  
    glad!

*THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY*

*THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY*

I KNOW a garden fair to see, where haunting  
    memories there be  
    Of treasures lost and joys of ours, forgotten,  
    left among the flowers,  
Like toys of children strewn upon the playground  
    of the leaf and lawn.  
And many stand without the gate who learn  
    with hearts disconsolate  
It swings but out and none may go in search  
    of treasures scattered so,  
For Time is keeper of the way—the Garden  
    there is Yesterday.

All day I stood beside the gate from dawn to  
    dusk, and saw them wait  
To plead with him to clear the way, that they  
    might search in Yesterday;

## THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY

But to them all he shook his head: "The way  
forever closed," he said.

"I lost a child," the mother cried; "a sweet-  
heart, I," the lover sighed;

"A song," the poet said, "was there, sweet-  
voiced, ineffable and rare";

But Time, unyielding, held the way: "The  
place is mine—'tis Yesterday!"

And came a schoolgirl, tearful-eyed: "My  
playmate!" sorrowful, she cried;

The felon said: "My liberty—will you not  
give it back to me?"

"My gold," the miser prayed, "'tis there, the  
hoard I loved and could not spare";

"My youth is there," the old man said; the  
widow whispered low: "My dead";

"My honor," faltered the weak knave; "my  
strength," the sodden, sotted slave,

As one by one they came to pray they might  
go back to Yesterday.

And somewhere in the Garden gleam the gems  
of innocence and dream;

*THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY*

Somewhere are all the loves that were—the  
eyes and cheeks, the lips of Her;  
Somewhere the hearts from sorrow free and all  
the joy that was to be;  
The peace of Honor yet unsoiled; Ambition's  
sweetness still unspoiled;  
The ties of love, the strength of youth, the  
hearts of hope, the ways of truth;  
But Time is keeper of the way—the place is  
his—'tis Yesterday!

*THE PLACE THAT IS HOME*

*THE PLACE THAT IS HOME*

THE uncertain hum of the prairies when  
twilight is dim,  
The wash of the seas on a battlement  
rocky and grim,  
The unbroken forest that breathes a druidical  
hymn.

The plainsman, sun-beaten, hears voices from  
hollow and swell,  
And where from the mist of the distance the  
deep shadows fell,  
They came with low murmurs—the hum of  
the tenantless shell.

The woodsman hears voices—the sigh of the  
bough, swinging low,  
The flutter of leaves in the dusk, till their  
choruses grow

*THE PLACE THAT IS HOME*

To be the sweet songs that his forest has  
taught him to know.

The sailor hears voices—the wash of the low-  
lying sea,  
The flap of the gull in the dusk and the  
harmonies he  
Has learned from the deep, as the Master has  
bade it to be.

The plainsman heard voices—the song that  
the forester knew,  
And shuddered at dusk, for his burden of  
lonesomeness grew,  
Nor comfort he found in the song of the oak  
tree or yew.

The woodsman heard voices—the wash of the  
low-lying seas  
And shuddered at dusk, for they were not the  
sweet harmonies  
His Master had taught him to know in his  
leaves and his trees.

The sailor heard voices—the murmur of hollow  
and swell

*THE PLACE THAT IS HOME*

And shuddered at dusk when his burden of  
lonesomeness fell  
Upon him alone, with the hum of the tenant-  
less shell.

And yet all alone in the night where the thick  
shadows creep,  
The plainsman is bold on his prairies and lays  
him to sleep,  
Nor the woodsman fears aught of his trees,  
nor the sailor his deep.

## THE DEATH OF POETRY

### THE DEATH OF POETRY

[There is no demand for poetry, according to one of the greatest of international publishers.—Daily Paper.]

LAY her and her muted lyre  
Here together on this pyre.  
And the laurels she has won,  
Lay them, lay them one by one  
As a pillow for her head,  
Who lies here, forlorn and dead.

None to mourn her, none to praise.  
Homer loved her in his days,  
Sappho struck the lyre of her,  
Petrarch was her worshiper,  
Virgil, Dante—all are mute,  
Hers a split and silenced lute.

Burns her erring child and poor,  
Byron wooed her and did Moore

## *THE DEATH OF POETRY*

From her happiest moods beguile  
Sweetness in a worded smile.  
And where subtle Shelley slept  
She once paused an hour—and wept.

Regal, beautiful, she stood  
In her glorious goddess-hood;  
Bade Shakespeare, her child, to be  
By her own divinity  
God-like, and, what ways she trod,  
Hallowed man and worshiped God.

By vagrant stream and eerie wood  
She wandered with the merry Hood.  
Piped her pastoral lays oft were  
With Goldsmith as interpreter,  
And Whitman knew her dreamy days,  
And went with her up mountain ways.

When gloomy Poe her favor sued,  
She listened and she understood.  
Holmes claimed her joyous presence oft,  
And Bryant knew her in her soft  
And gracious whiles, and Whittier  
In green fields would walk with her.

## *THE DEATH OF POETRY*

A minister to grief, she moved,  
By many wooed; yet few she loved,  
And those belovèd best, she lent  
Her grandeur of the firmament,  
Of seas and skies and subtle arts,  
Of love and grief and human hearts.

Here upon the funeral pyre  
Lay her and her muted lyre.  
Know ye, mourners at her bier,  
'Tis a goddess that lies here,  
And above thee all as far  
As the weeping angels are.

## THE DYNAMITERS

### THE DYNAMITERS

[On the destruction of the Los Angeles *Times*, 1911]

LABOR, weep! These dead are thine,  
Broken-limbed and torn and maimed.  
What of creed that's thine or mine?  
Silenced now, we stand ashamed.  
How now do these dead arise,  
Mocking us! Are these but lies  
Told of Labor's brotherhood?  
How these ghosts of dead intrude  
In our every solitude,  
Crying shame! For they were one—  
One with us from sun to sun;  
One in dreams of labor done;  
One in hope and one in need;  
One in manhood, aye, and creed.  
How these bodies bleed and bleed!  
Stands aghast thy shuddering line.  
Labor, weep! These dead are thine.

## THE DYNAMITERS

Labor, see what Hate hath done—

Hate, a follower of thy camp,  
Skulking near thy lines! That one  
Slew these toilers. See the damp  
On these bloody brows, where sweat  
Of their labor beaded yet.

Death done in the dark, and, lo!  
Hate hath slain no single foe,  
But, like Cain, hath wrought this woe  
In his brother's house, and laid  
On anhungered orphans made,  
Burdens that strong fathers prayed  
They might long be strong to bear  
Ere the fatherless must share.

Now are helpless dead heaped there.  
What foul victory death has won!  
Labor, see what Hate hath done!

Labor, wake! Now shalt thou cleanse  
These foul altars where they pray—  
These that kill; and scourge them thence.  
Labor, 'tis the breaking day  
Of the time to be when each  
Shall be free, with hand and speech.

Labor, since thou art so strong,

## *THE DYNAMITERS*

One with Might and Power, not long  
Wilt thou battle wrong with wrong.  
Brotherhood need not be vain.  
These be branded red, like Cain,  
Who shall slay, as Hate hath slain.  
Right shall be thy sword, bright-steeled;  
Aye, and Justice be thy shield.  
Thou shalt meet no foes but yield.  
See, the night of Hate is gone.  
Labor, wake! It is the dawn!

*THE DEATH OF STOLYPIN*

*THE DEATH OF STOLYPIN*

[On the assassination of the Russian Premier]

WASTE bullets and vain knives,  
And idle blows!  
Spilled blood and forfeit lives,  
And all the woes  
Or darker Tyranny revisited  
On the raw back and blood-bespotted head  
Of coward wretch and crawling fugitive!  
This all the help the Assassin hath to give  
His country in its throes!

Candle and crucifix  
About a bier!  
Moist blossoms, wavering wicks;  
The grenadier  
With solemn tread on guard above this clay!  
Once more hath Murder taken pride away

## *THE DEATH OF STOLYPIN*

And pomp and vanity of place and power  
From this poor tenement! And in this hour  
Grief hath its tear.

Knout and the noose!  
Shrill cry and bitter woe!  
A myriad furies loose!  
Blood upon snow!  
Death in the scourge of thongs and crimsoned  
whips!  
Blood flecking cheeks and red froth upon lips!  
Death's glut and feast and horrid carnival!  
A corpse, shot-pierced, gloom-shrouded in a  
hall,  
A headless trunk below!  
Limbs broken in the mud  
By Cossack steeds!  
Blood spilled for blood!  
Wan widows' weeds!  
Slain men, in gutters cast; or, purple-clad,  
Upon a bier of gold—and Hate run mad  
With fingers dripping red; blows struck for  
blows;  
Blood on the ermined robes, and on the snows  
Where Exile bleeds!

*THE DEATH OF STOLYPIN*

Waste knout and vain the noose,  
And useless blows;  
Spilled blood and fury loose—  
Again the woes  
Of plotted murder soon revisited  
On medaled breast and coroneted head  
Of potent prince or subtle minister;  
Red, red and ever red the shadows stir  
On Neva's snows!

*THERE ARE THREE SORROWS*

*THERE ARE THREE SORROWS*

THERE are three Sorrows, worth my  
while to grieve:

Death, when I may be called upon to  
leave

The friends I love, or they to part from me  
As mariners upon the uncharted sea  
That stretches, bleak and black, here at my  
feet,

Where ships go forth to join the phantom fleet  
Of souls adrift upon an unknown shore,  
And what my port, I may return no more.

There are three Sorrows, worth my while to  
name:

Dishonor, with the burden of its shame,  
Bidding me bow my head and cast my eyes  
Upon the ground; a life of tinsel lies,

## *THERE ARE THREE SORROWS*

Of practiced subterfuges and deceits,  
Dishonesties, ill-guarded trusts, and cheats;  
Dishonor of myself, for that I slept  
Upon the post I had, in honor, kept.

There are three Sorrows, worth my while of  
tears:

Lost Faith—that I had hallowed all these  
years

Of love and friendship—faith that lies in dust  
With all the joys and symbols of my trust;  
Faith that was like a joyous dream, and left  
Me wide awake and wondering—bereft  
Of what I dreamed I had—a broken vase  
That had my heart for its abiding place.

There are three Sorrows, worth my whole to  
share:

All else that seemeth sorrow I may repair  
With a soft word, a smile, a hope, that swings  
The gate into the garden of better things;  
So I shall measure up the grief to see  
If it be aught or part of these, the Three,  
And if it be not one of these worth while  
I shall be glad, and melt it with a smile!

*A HUMAN LIFE*

*A HUMAN LIFE*

A SHIP that throbs along in storm's  
distress  
Till lost in oceans of forgetfulness.  
A tangle of sweet flowers whose petals turn  
To ash of unfulfillment in an urn.

A wisp of tangled threads, whose parted ends  
No deft hand joins, no endless effort mends.  
A play whose fickle players merely greet  
And go and leave the story incomplete.

A bud that opens brilliant at the dawn,  
Flings sweet perfume a moment and is gone.  
A breath between a cradle and a bier,  
The blending of a smile, a sob, a tear.

A book whose pages turn with each new day,  
Till Time has read the tale and cast away.

## *A HUMAN LIFE*

A mask worn till a passing play is done,  
To cloak a wraith and hide a skeleton.

A lie, whose ghostly semblance is concealed  
Till in a shroud its untruth lies revealed.  
A thing that shapes the sod for a brief day  
And dies and leaves its slave of Earth more  
clay.

A story that is told ere 'tis begun,  
A song that only whispers and is done;  
A thing that chains the lightnings and that  
stirs  
The deep—the elements its messengers.

Lord of the sea and sky, a ruler proud  
That quakes at storms and trembles at a cloud;  
That comes and goes on wings unseen—a germ  
That grows to fill a grave and feed a worm.

## *BLOWING BUBBLES*

### *BLOWING BUBBLES*

A LAD with a long-stemmed pipe and a  
bowl,  
With a radiant eye and a sunlit soul,  
And over the bowl the bubbles rolled  
In heaps and clusters like grapes of gold.  
“And what are you doing, my Curly Head?”  
“I’m blowing bubbles,” the youngster said,  
“For I like to see them rise and blow  
Far as the winds will let them go  
Before they burst, as they must, and then  
I fill my pipe and I blow again.”

And the Youth with his strength was just ahead  
With a bounding pulse and cheeks flushed red  
In the glow of health and over the bowl  
Of Life he stood, where the bubbles roll  
And cluster thick as the blossoms do  
On the cherry trees when the April’s new:

## *BLOWING BUBBLES*

"I'm blowing bubbles," I heard him say,  
"And they gleam and rise and float away  
And burst as bubbles must, and then  
I fill the pipe and I blow again."

And the Maiden stood with her wind-tossed  
hair

And her cheek like the rose leaf, pink and fair,  
Over the bowl, whence the bubbles float,  
And she had a song in her pretty throat:  
"See the bubbles that blow for me  
Bearing the joys that are soon to be,  
And I love to see them rise and blow  
Far as the winds will let them go  
Till they burst in mist, as they must, and then  
I may fill the pipe and blow again."

And Age was a little farther on  
When the sun sank low and the day near gone,  
Bending over the bowl with a smile  
That was only the ghost of its earlier while;  
And the bubbles rose, but small and few  
Nor clustered thick as they used to do.  
But Age went mumbling along his way:  
"See the bubbles—they burst to-day

## *BLOWING BUBBLES*

As bubbles must, in the mist, but then  
I may fill the pipe and blow again."

A pipe and a bowl and you and I  
Bending above and the bubbles lie  
Clustered thick, and the dreams we bear  
Rich as the colors tinted there;  
And the pipe is cracked and the bowl is, too,  
But the bubbles rise as they used to do  
And we love to see them break and blow  
Far as the winds will let them go,  
And what if they burst, as they must?—for  
then  
We may fill the pipe and blow again.

## *THE SECRET*

### *THE SECRET*

THERE'S a little word called "Sweet-heart;" it's as old as heaven's blue;  
'Tis the sweetest word e'er spoken and  
its joy is ever new.

It was Love's first murmured message, spoken  
in the ears of Love,

When the Earth took shape from nothing and  
the blue sky arched above.

It has come through Time unmeasured, it has  
lived unnumbered years,

It was born of smiles and laughter and has  
dried Grief's countless tears;

It's the magic soul of Music and the living fire  
of Art,

And I've chosen it to give thee—just that little  
word—"Sweetheart."

Ah, the aching hearts and heavy it has bidden  
hear and smile!

## THE SECRET

It has bidden Youth be merry and has cheered  
the Afterwhile  
Of the years to peace and gladness and the  
dreary days and long  
Are forgotten in the glory of its whispered  
evensong.  
It has made the heart go leaping of the school-  
boy at his play,  
And has filled with gladder dreaming all the  
sunshine of his day.  
It has bridged world-sundered chasms and  
has played the noblest part  
In the life and strife of being—just that little  
word—"Sweetheart."

It has cheered the eve of battles, it has fired  
the Heart of Dawn,  
It has braved the mouth of cannon and has  
borne war's banners on.  
It has lured the soldier deathward, where the  
scarp was red and steep,  
It has trembled like a blessing on the ashen lips  
of Sleep.  
It has hushed the cry of children; it has fired  
the souls of men,

## THE SECRET

Beaten back on shores of failure to be bold and  
strong again;  
In the hermit's cloistered silence or in traffic's  
busy mart,  
It is of all, in all, through all—just that little  
word "Sweetheart."

And forever and forever through the endless-  
ness of Time,  
It shall hallow song and story and shall be the  
soul of rhyme;  
It shall be a part of being, much as heartbeat,  
much as breath,  
It shall be the joy of living and the overthrow  
of death.  
So I bid thee kneel and listen till I whisper  
thee the key,  
Till I tell thee why is Labor, Life, Love, Death,  
and Mystery,  
Hut or palace, serf or master, clod or genius,  
toil or art—  
It is of all, in all, through all—just that little  
word "Sweetheart."

## *THE JUDGMENT*

### *THE JUDGMENT*

THE world and what is of the world shall  
fade  
And in the dust and embers, dead, be  
laid.

Ambition, fame, degree and love and lust  
Shall totter, fall, and crumble in the dust.

The stars die and the radiant sun grow cold,  
And gloom and shroud the universe shall hold.

The lover's lute, the brazen trump, the lyre  
Be cast upon a common funeral pyre.

The sighs of toiling millions shall be stilled,  
Nor space nor time with struggling being  
thrilled.

But emptiness in gloom, and space shall hold  
But space; and nothingness shall space enfold.

## THE JUDGMENT

And Silence, sombre, still, shall sit and brood  
Upon his vast dominion—Solitude.

Time stand beside the yawning pit and grave  
Of things and ponder what is good to save

From all the ash and wreck of worlds, and  
    pause,  
Adjust the balances and read the laws,

Weigh wealth and honor, fame, degree, and  
    pride,  
But with a frown to cast them all aside.

And raise his voice and in the solitude  
Shall cry: "O God, is there no perfect Good?"

Space all unfathomed echo with the cry  
And Silence shall still brood, but not reply.

And Time shall cry again: "Whom shall I  
    save  
From out this depth of ash and wreck and  
    grave?"

## *THE JUDGMENT*

Lo! A voice whispers in the solitude:  
"Save all in whom thou findest any good!"

Time speaks once more betime the task is done:  
"Lord, Thou hast bidden me save every one!"

*AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL*

*AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL*

**J**UST an old-fashioned girl, of the kind that  
you knew

When your mother sat up to mend  
stockings for you

With a ball of red yarn and a bag full of hose  
And a goose-eggish thing that slipped down in  
the toes.

Just an old-fashioned girl, of the kind that  
brings tears

To your eyes when you think of the toil of her  
years,

And wonder how ever she laid every curl  
On a half-dozen heads—such an old-fashioned  
girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl, of an age ere the flat,  
Or of winters in this place and summers in  
that.

*AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL*

Of the kind that you knew when you went with  
bare legs  
In the days when you ransacked the manger  
for eggs.  
Just an old-fashioned girl in a blue gingham  
gown  
That is leading your fancy some forty years  
down  
On the pathway of years, till the hum and the  
whirl  
Of the day you forget with that old-fashioned  
girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl of that out-of-date  
day,  
When you knew all the hymns and she found  
time to play  
On the organ in church, and you knelt with her  
there  
And repeated—what was it?—ah, yes!—’twas  
a prayer!  
Such an old-fashioned thing, as you think of it  
now  
With the years writ in wrinkles on temple and  
brow,

## *AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL*

But the years back there gleam with the luster  
of pearl

When you walked hand-in-hand with that old-  
fashioned girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl of those old-  
fashioned days,

And she knelt in the night with a prayer that  
she'd raise

Up a son to be manly and honest and true.

. . . There's a mound where the wild-flowers  
nodded and grew

Ere the world bade you come, and a love that  
lies there

With its heart in the dust, but its essence as  
rare

As the breath of the rose and as pure as the  
pearl

That shall tinge all your dreams of that old-  
fashioned girl.

*THE LAST APPEAL*

*THE LAST APPEAL*

FOR her sake I will woo thee,  
Aye, Fortune, and sue thee  
For peace; I will bow thee my arrogant  
pride.

For her sake I will bend thee  
My head, and will lend thee  
My struggles again, what thy caprice betide.

Think not that I fear thee!  
Myself, I would jeer thee  
And bid thee defiance to do what it please  
Thee to do; but to render  
To her what the tender  
Heart's love of me bids, I will crook thee my  
knees.

I come not to woo thee  
For fame, nor to sue thee,

## THE LAST APPEAL

But only as pleader for her when I  
see  
Her so crushed in her spirit;  
Ah, Jade—thou must hear it,  
The prayer that goes from me to heaven—  
and thee.

Think not I am pleading  
For self; were I bleeding  
And battered thy minions should still taste  
my sword;  
But, ah! 'Tis not human  
To withhold from woman  
The little she craves, when by woman  
adored.

Not wealth beyond measure,  
Not gold of thy treasure,  
But, ah! just enough of thy goodness to lay  
Before her, and reaping  
My joy in her weeping  
Of pride in my conquest, find comfort to-day.

So for her sake I woo thee,  
Again I will sue thee,

*THE LAST APPEAL*

For her sake I come and I fawn like a  
cur  
Begging food; but remember  
My last ashing ember  
Shall hate thee—but still I will woo thee—  
for her!

*THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN*

*THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN*

**H**E sits there at the fireside, where the  
mellow light is gleaming  
O'er the columns of the little country  
paper that he holds,  
And something he has read there seems to set  
his fancy dreaming,  
While memory's panorama of forgotten  
days unfolds.  
Its quaint and homely phrases all incline him  
to reflection;  
Some sweetness of enchantment as he lays  
the paper down  
Strips the bitter peel of sorrow from the fruit  
of recollection,  
He tastes the mellow sweetness of the little  
country town.

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN

He sees, at even, a cottage where the lamp-  
light's dimly straying

Through the window, thickly bowered with  
the honeysuckle vine;

To his ears come strains of music—there's a  
sound of someone playing

On a little cottage organ and the notes of  
Auld Lang Syne.

He hears the tea things clatter, sees a woman's  
figure flitting

Here and there, belike some fairy, and the  
shimmer of her gown;

And longing leads his fancy to the place where  
he is sitting

Just across from her at table in the little  
country town.

What spell lies on its columns? There rise  
lustly tones and laughing,

A rioting of young folks through the open  
parlor door,

The place resounds with revelry and badinage  
and chaffing,

Someone has brought his fiddle from the  
little country store.

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN

The merry songs from lad and lass in lusty  
tones are swelling,

The sparkling cider passes in the earthen  
jug and brown;

What silver-throated eloquence of memory is  
telling

The story of the glory of the little country  
town!

Yet he sits here alone, where are dreamy  
shadows dancing,

And silent, save for voices that his memory  
may hear;

The eyes that o'er the columns of the little  
paper glancing,

Like violets, dew-misted, in the passing of  
a tear.

For some, as he, are missing from the circle  
once unbroken,

And one he knows lies sleeping where the  
autumn leaves are brown;

His hair is white, like silver, yet in fancy he has  
spoken

With all those lads and lasses of the little  
country town.

## *THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN*

The misty eye of sorrow at the bush of dreams  
is seeking  
The rose of recollection with the fragrance  
of its morn,  
And in the ear of memory the voice of grief  
is speaking—  
The hand that plucks the blossom knows the  
sharpness of the thorn.  
His dreams die with the embers at the fireplace  
—ah, the pity!  
The paper falls from listless hands and idly  
flutters down.  
How lonely, lonely, lonely is the sullen, smoky  
city,  
When the heart has come from straying in  
the little country town!

*ONE OF THESE DAYS*

*ONE OF THESE DAYS*

SAY! Let's forget it! Let's put it aside!  
Life is so large and the world is so wide.  
Days are so short and there's so much  
to do,

What if it was false—there's plenty that's  
true.

Say! Let's forget it! Let's brush it away  
Now and forever, so what do you say?  
All of the bitter words said may be praise  
One of these days.

Say! Let's forgive it! Let's wipe off the slate,  
Find something better to cherish than hate.  
There's so much good in the world that we've  
had,

Let's strike a balance and cross off the bad.

Say! Let's forgive it, whatever it be,  
Let's not be slaves when we ought to be free,

*ONE OF THESE DAYS*

We shall be walking in sunshiny ways  
One of these days.

Say! Let's not mind it! Let's smile it away,  
Bring not a withered rose from yesterday;  
Flowers are so fresh by the wayside and wood,  
Sorrows are blessings but half understood.  
Say! Let's not mind it, however it seems,  
Hope is so sweet and holds so many dreams;  
All of the sere fields with blossoms shall blaze  
One of these days.

Say! Let's not take it so sorely to heart!  
Hates may be friendships just drifted apart,  
Failure be genius not quite understood,  
We could all help folks so much if we would.  
Say! Let's get closer to somebody's side,  
See what his dreams are and learn how he  
tried,  
See if our scoldings won't give way to praise  
One of these days.

Say! Let's not wither! Let's branch out and  
rise  
Out of the byways and nearer the skies.

*ONE OF THESE DAYS*

Let's spread some shade that's refreshing and  
deep

Where some tired traveler may lie down and  
sleep.

Say! Let's not tarry! Let's do it right now;  
So much to do if we just find out how!

We may not be here to help folks or praise  
One of these days!

## SORROW

## SORROW

WHAT is the chiefest sorrow?  
    "'Tis shame," thus Honor cried.  
    "'Tis failure," said Ambition;  
    "Nay, infamy," said Pride.  
Cried Gluttony, "'Tis hunger."  
    The Cynic said "'Tis breath."  
While Love gazed on a cold, dead child  
    And murmured, "Nay, 'tis Death."

What is the chiefest sorrow?  
    Said Wealth, "'Tis beggary."  
"'Tis loss," the Miser muttered,  
    And Sloth said: "Industry."  
"'Tis war," Peace shyly whispered;  
    "'Tis ignorance," the Sage.  
While Youth peered far into the years  
    And murmured, "Nay, 'tis age."

## SORROW

What is the chiefest sorrow?

"'Tis duty," Vice replied.

"'Tis waste," Thrift boldly answered.

"'Tis life," thus Failure sighed.

"Nay, 'tis but grief," said Pleasure,

"Defeat," said Victory,

Said Truth, "'Tis Thine, my Master,

Thine in my sin and me.

"Yet though in pride and power,

I had forgotten Thee;

Though Thine the chiefest sorrow,

Thine in my sin and me,

The tears that flow from Heaven

Are Sorrow's victory,

The flower of Thy pardon

Blooms in Gethsemane."

*SOMEWHERE SHINES A STAR*

**M**ISTS of the twilight creep,  
Creep from the deeps afar,  
And all of the children of Nature  
sleep,  
But somewhere shines a star.

Shades of the night tide flow,  
Soothèd the surge and swell  
Of the sullen day, but sweet and low  
Tinkles an evening bell.

Up from the moorlands rise  
Shadows, and darkness streams,  
But somewhere, out of the misted skies,  
Brightly a beacon beams.

Eventide and dark,  
Dirge of the day and knell,  
But voices speak in the silence—hark!  
Whispering: “All is well!”

*SOMEWHERE SHINES A STAR*

Mist of the twilight creeps  
Out from the deeps afar,  
Over thy life, and Gladness sleeps,  
But somewhere shines a star.

Shades of the night tide flow,  
Sorrow strikes a knell,  
But out of the twilight sweet and low  
Tinkles an evening bell.

Up from thy sorrows rise  
Shadows, and darkness streams,  
But somewhere, out of the sullen skies,  
Brightly a beacon gleams.

Eventide and dark,  
Dirge of thy joy and knell,  
But voices speak in the silence—hark!  
Whispering: "All is well!"

Swift as the swallow's flight  
Joy to the mists afar,  
But out of the depths of the dismal night  
Somewhere shines a star.

*MAKE-BELIEVE*

*MAKE-BELIEVE*

LET'S dream, like the child in its playing,  
Let's make us a sky and a sea,  
Let's change the things 'round us by  
saying

They're things that we wish them to be.  
And if there is sadness or sorrow,  
Let's dream till we charm it away,  
Let's learn from the children and borrow  
A saying from Childhood—"Let's Play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty,  
Let's play there are roses in bloom,  
Let's play there is pleasure in duty  
And light where we thought there was gloom.  
Let's play that this heart with its sorrow  
Is bidden be joyous and glad,  
Let's play that we'll find on to-morrow  
The joys that we never have had.

*MAKE-BELIEVE*

Let's play that regret with its ruing  
Is banished forever and aye,  
Let's play there's delight but in doing,  
Let's play there are flowers by the way.  
However the pathway seems dreary,  
Wherever the footsteps may lead,  
Let's play there's a song for the weary  
If only the heart will give heed.

Let's play we have done with repining,  
Let's play that our longings are still,  
Let's play that the sunlight is shining  
To gild the green slope of the hill,  
Let's play there are birds blithely flinging  
Their songs of delight to the air,  
Let's play that the world's full of singing,  
Let's play there is love everywhere.

RESIGNATION

A BROKEN mother to the Buddha  
brought  
A lifeless child; with hands outstretched  
besought  
That mighty prophet to recall the breath  
Forth flown, and steal away the sting of death.  
  
Tearful she pleaded and with piteous gaze;  
The Buddha stooped, from her bent knees to  
raise  
The stricken mother; took from her the child  
And spake in gentle accents, soothing, mild,  
That hushed her grief and checked the flooding  
tears:  
“Be still thine heart, and quieted thy fears;  
Thy child shall be restored again to thee  
When thou hast sought and found and brought  
to me

## RESIGNATION

A grain of corn, from hovel, hut or home  
(No limits give I in thy quest to roam),  
Whence Death has stolen parent not, or child."  
Eager she heard, and her distress beguiled,  
Lighted her eyes, the Buddha's name she  
blessed  
And turned and sped fleet-footed on her quest.

Sped on the years and yet she sought in vain,  
With eager voice inquired and sought again.  
But here a parent gone and here a son,  
And here a daughter—always finding one  
Forever absent; still, with footsteps fleet  
She sped, to find some circle quite complete.  
Asked at each door with mutely pleading  
eyes  
And hungry yearning for the ordered prize;  
Despairing not till worn with toil and time,  
With patience tireless and with hope sublime,  
Again the Buddha in her anguish seeks,  
Recounts her journeys and her failure speaks.

The Buddha softly, sadly speaks again:  
"Hast thou not learned thy search would not  
be vain

## *RESIGNATION*

Were there the power thou wouldst have me  
declare?

Dost thou not see that Death is everywhere  
But in that circle of Eternity  
That comes with only waiting patiently?"

*A SONG OF GLADNESS*

*A SONG OF GLADNESS*

**E**ACH little day  
That slips away  
And finds for thee no pleasure,  
That steals along  
Without a song,  
Is just a wasted treasure.

The sands that pass  
Through the hour glass  
And find thee in repining,  
Mark the lost hours.  
The freshest flowers  
Blow when the sun is shining.

Thou shalt not grope  
For the lost hope  
Through darkness dim, unending.

*A SONG OF GLADNESS*

Ne'er vain regret  
Succeeded yet  
A broken thread in mending.

The chance that's lost;  
Let not the cost  
Be flowing tears and sighing,  
When countless more  
From life's vast store  
Are to be had for trying.

So put away  
Thy cares to-day,  
And cease thy fate reviling;  
For Chance eludes  
The soul that broods,  
And courts the soul that's smiling.

*LINES TO A MOTH*

*LINES TO A MOTH*

**B**LIND thing! Thou scourge of fretful  
dame

That stumblest in the glaring light  
To beat thy blistered wings in flame—

What stubborn blindness marks thy flight!

What is it leads thee to the light?

What ignorance that bids thee fly  
Upon the flame whose scorching blight  
Thy folly findeth but to die?

Is then thy ignorance so gross,  
So sotted thy intelligence  
As not to learn from scourge or loss  
Or profit by experience?

A moment and I saw thee fling  
Thyself upon the flame and then  
Reel from the light with scorched wing,  
And now I find thee there again.

*LINES TO A MOTH*

Blind, blind thou art! A stubborn fool!  
To teach thee wisdom all has failed,  
For ere thy blistered wings are cool  
Thou'rt back to where thou wert assailed.

Yet, stay, thou dullard! In thy flight  
Some subtle message bids me see  
Myself, a struggler in the light  
Of knowledge that is not for me.

Like thee, I beat my wings in vain  
Upon the candle's wick, to find  
My little soul in dust again,  
My little vision dull and blind.

Like thee, I crave the fiercer light  
Of learning and the mystery  
Of Life, and in my stumbling flight  
I am but dull and blind, like thee.

I called thee dullard for thy way—  
I tender my apology,  
Thou art a fool, again I say—  
Thou art a fool—a fool like me!

*A FRIEND WENT THEN*

*A FRIEND WENT THEN*

**H**USH! A friend went then!  
Went with a tear of sorrow in his eye;  
A friend too old to lose, too young to  
die.

Went at a hasty word of mine and hot,  
Grieved in his inner heart and then—was not.  
He lives and speaks with me, but naught  
beside,  
My friend has died.

Hush! A friend passed on!  
Passed on in silence, uncomplainingly,  
Nor stopped to parry angry words with me.  
Passed on, sore hurt, but keeping back his tears,  
Passed on upon the stony way of years,  
Well knowing me, but though he bows his  
head—  
My friend is dead.

*A FRIEND WENT THEN*

Hush! A friend is lost!  
A sneer of mine, that cost me but a breath,  
And fell my friend, sore wounded, to his  
death;  
Nor made he any cry to tell the pain  
He felt—just went and came not back again,  
And though to-day again our pathways  
crossed,  
My friend is lost.

Hush! A friend was slain  
Just then—struck down in the broad light of  
day!  
As fell a crime, I know, as ever lay  
At murder's door—it cost me but a jeer  
At him who craved my sympathy—a tear  
I shed and bid him come to me in vain—  
My friend is slain.

*COMRADES*

*COMRADES*

I WANT to meet the Day  
    With gladness and a smile,  
    I want to keep the Way  
    With hopefulness the while,  
I want to see the task  
    With clearness and delight,  
All this I come to ask,  
    And sleep and peace at night.

I want to be content  
    And yet unsatisfied,  
To do the things I meant  
    To do, or know I tried.  
I want to see in dusk  
    And sunset's flaming fire  
A beacon—not the husk  
    Of day's unfilled desire.

## COMRADES

Whoso may go my way  
    I want to walk with me,  
To hope with if I may,  
    To pray with if need be.  
Whoso may teach, to learn  
    Of him whereof I need,  
Whoso may learn, to preach  
    Perhaps a better creed.

Whoso is weak, to bring  
    My strength where'er he lies,  
Whoso is strong, to cling  
    To him that I may rise.  
Whoso may grieve, to brave  
    With him the quivering lip,  
Whoso may smile, to crave  
    A joyous fellowship.

Will you not walk with me  
    Upon the way awhile?  
I crave your sympathy,  
    I offer you a smile.

*COMRADES*

The way be steep and long,  
I ask to grasp your hand,  
I offer you a song,  
Will you not understand?

*THE QUEST*

*THE QUEST*

“ **W**HERE lies the town of Happiness?”  
Cried the youth to the wrinkled  
sage,  
As they met one day on the weary way  
That lies ’twixt Youth and Age.  
The gray-haired wise man shook his head:  
“’Tis a little farther on,” he said.

“Where lies the town of Happiness?  
I pray we reach it soon!”  
For risen high in the molten sky  
Was the sun that marked Life’s noon.  
But again the wise man shook his head:  
“’Tis a little farther on,” he said.

“Where lies the town of Happiness?”  
The youth was old and gray,

## *THE QUEST*

With shoulders bent, and eyes intent  
Where the road stretched forth, away.

The wise man sadly shook his head:

“’Tis a little farther on,” he said.

“Where lies the town of Happiness?”

Down, down in the dust he fell;

His voice was shrill and the death films fill

His eyes. Mused the sage: “’Tis well.”

And there gleamed in his eye a tear unshed:

“For me, ’tis farther on,” he said.

*A HYMN TO HAPPINESS*

*A HYMN TO HAPPINESS*

LET us smile along together,  
Be the weather  
What it may.

Through the waste and wealth of hours,  
Plucking flowers

By the way.

Fragrance from the meadows blowing,

Naught of heat or hatred knowing,

Kindness seeking, kindness sowing,

Not to-morrow, but to-day.

Let us sing along, beguiling

Grief to smiling

In the song.

With the promises of heaven

Let us leaven

The day long.

Gilding all the duller seemings

With the roselight of our dreamings,

## *A HYMN TO HAPPINESS*

Splashing clouds with sunlight's gleamings,  
Here and there and all along.

Let us live along, the sorrow  
Of to-morrow  
Never heed.

In the pages of the present  
What is pleasant  
Only read.

Bells but pealing, never knelling,  
Hearts with gladness ever swelling,  
Tides of charity upwelling  
In our every dream and deed.

Let us hope along together,  
Be the weather  
What it may,  
Where the sunlight glad is shining,  
Not repining  
By the way.

Seek to add our meed and measure  
To the old Earth's joy and treasure,  
Quaff the crystal cup of pleasure,  
Not to-morrow, but to-day.

*INDESTRUCTIBLE*

*INDESTRUCTIBLE*

A WREATH of roses hung upon a stone,  
Above me, this alone.

A sob that floats, and falling tear on tear  
Descending here.

Some soul in sorrow kneeling at the tomb,  
And in the gloom,

Pouring above me to the silent air  
Its deep despair.

Though cold the pulseless clay and deaf the  
ear,  
Yet I still hear.

Though the thick shadows endlessly shall flow,  
Still shall I know.

*INDESTRUCTIBLE*

Though from the dumb, dead tenement in  
flight

Wing life and light,

Yet not deserted lies the silent clay,

For Love shall stay.

Crumble the stone and in the dust shall lie,

Yet Love not die.

Through the long night when the dark shadows  
creep,

Not even sleep,

But whisper from the silence of the bier:

“Lo! I am here.”

*THE PLACE BEYOND*

*THE PLACE BEYOND*

THEY call the Place To-Morrow—After  
While,  
The Way, Be-Patient, Keep-of-Heart-  
and-Cheer.

'Tis over there, a bit beyond the stile,  
A little farther on, but never here.  
And all day long and through the fretful night  
I saw them struggle, toil, keep dreaming on  
Through valleys, up the hills and o'er the  
height,  
But ever when they reached there it was  
gone!

And if they toiled a mile, it moved a mile  
Along the road. At break of every day  
They thought to reach it in a little while,  
But at the dusk it seemed as far away

## THE PLACE BEYOND

As when the day began; they saw the lights  
That flickered through the dusk a weary  
mile

Along the road, and some toiled on o' nights—  
They call the Place To-Morrow—After  
While!

And some fell faint and some were red and  
strong

With coursing blood that would not be  
denied.

If through the valleys dim the way was long,  
The Place was just upon the other side.

If up the hills the journey led, and steep  
And rough the way, the bells of it rang clear;  
And some I saw to run and some to creep,  
And fell a curse, and now and then a tear.

Oft in the twilight, voices from the dusk  
About the Place bade fallen men to rise;  
Fame sang the glories of her certain Husk  
And Beauty lured men on with wanton eyes.  
Worn women heard the chant of Rest, so near,  
And yet no nearer ever, day on day,

## THE PLACE BEYOND

But oh, the bells at Vespers echoed clear—  
They call the Place To-Morrow—or  
Someday!

They call the Place To-Morrow—After While.  
With gleaming tower on tower and spire on  
spire,

It rises there, ten leagues, a league, a mile  
Beyond the day—the City of Desire!  
Long days of Rest are there, and Joy and Peace  
And Music and Content and Sorrows Done,  
Of Dreams Come True and Longings Bidden  
Cease,  
Of Weary Hearts Made Glad and Struggles  
Won.

So I will join you, Brother, on the Way  
They call Have-Patience, Be-of-Heart-and  
Cheer,

And we will look a league beyond the day  
Whence come the voices, musical and clear.  
'Tis just across the valley, o'er the height,  
Adown the road, a step beyond the stile.  
Let's toil a day and dream another night—  
They call the Place To-Morrow—After  
While!

*THE OPTIMIST'S FEAST*

*THE OPTIMIST'S FEAST*

**B**RING me a bowl of sunshine, Lass,  
From the fount of a rosy dawn,  
A frozen rainbow for my glass  
Ere the sparkle of it is gone,  
The silver lining of a cloud  
As a cloth for my table here,  
And sing me a merry song aloud  
With a voice that is sweet and clear.

Bring me the blue of a sunny sky  
And cast it overhead;  
Lay me a rug of clover by  
Like a wave of velvet spread,  
Shower me over with cherry flowers  
Just bursting to full bloom,  
To freshen this perfect day of ours  
With spice of their sweet perfume.

*THE OPTIMIST'S FEAST*

Drape me the black of a midnight sky,  
And stud it with stars of white,  
To hang my walls with a tapestry  
Rare as the peace of night,  
Stretch me a frieze of clouds that lie  
Over the sunlit hills,  
Where the bowl of sunshine, brimming high,  
Just overflows and spills.

And my cloth shall be soft as the rose's cheek,  
And my heart-strings shall be atune,  
All, all of my bidden guests shall speak  
With tongues of the birds in June.  
So,—a bowl of sun from a rifted cloud,  
And set it before me here,  
And sing me a merry song aloud  
With a voice that is sweet and clear.

*THE PARTED THREADS*

*THE PARTED THREADS*

**I**F he came back, I wonder would he know  
The voices whispering of the long ago?  
If he came back, I wonder would he see  
The beauties, buried now, that used to be?  
If he came back, back from the dust and dead,  
I wonder would he seek the broken thread,  
And follow on, o'er sod and o'er the sea,  
Until it led him back to youth and me?

If he came back, I wonder would he share  
My dreams? Or would the roses in my hair  
Be but dull, scentless flowers of the spring,  
Speechless and silent, mute, nor whispering  
The secrets once they told? Or would they  
glow

With the sweet memories of long ago,  
Where every petal quivered with the weight  
And grandeur of a rapture passionate?

*THE PARTED THREADS*

If he came back, I wonder would he feel  
The rapture of the hopes that used to steal  
From out the tinted twilight as we stood  
Beneath the boughs in the thick, leafy wood,  
Thrilled with the song whose silent melody  
None heard in all its ecstasy but we?  
Would he now hear that whispered song and  
    low  
If he came back, who went so long ago?

Where ends the song that is yet half unsung?  
In the still mound, where the green turf up-  
    flung?  
Dies all the music, or but hid in air,  
Trembling, yet mute, in that vast Otherwhere?  
The threads now parted, who shall mend again,  
Weld broken links, restore the chain? And  
    then  
When they come back who have been gone so  
    long,  
I wonder will they know the old, sweet song?

## WINTER AND SUMMER

### WINTER AND SUMMER

S NOW on the hilltops, drear and bleak,  
Snow in the vales where the shrill winds  
speak

In mournful tones; but deep, and deep  
Down, down, beneath, the flowers sleep.

Green are the hilltops, fresh and fair,  
Sweet is the breath of the scented air,  
Loosed the chains of the ice-locked lake,  
And the sad heart smiles and the flowers wake.

Snow on the heart that is riven and bleak,  
Snow on the heart where voices speak,  
Voices of grief that is deep and deep,  
Yet still in the heart the flowers sleep.

A whisper of hope on the scented air,  
Flown is the snow and the bleak heart fair;  
Dull Grief's grim fetters break and break,  
And the sad heart smiles and the flowers wake.

*SONG OF ENDEAVOR*

*SONG OF ENDEAVOR*

'T IS not by wishing that we gain the  
prize,  
Nor yet by ruing,  
But, from our fallings, learning how to rise,  
And tireless doing.

The idols broken, nor our tears and sighs  
May yet restore them.  
Regret is only food for fools; the wise  
Look but before them.

Nor ever yet Success was wooed with tears;  
To notes of gladness  
Alone the fickle goddess turns her ears,  
She hears not sadness.

The heart thrives not in the dull rain and mist  
Of gloomy pining.  
The sweetest flowers are the flowers sun-kissed,  
Where glad light's shining.

*SONG OF ENDEAVOR*

Look not behind thee; there is only dust  
And vain regretting.  
The lost tide ebbs; in the next flood thou must  
Learn, by forgetting.

For the lost chances be ye not distressed  
To endless weeping;  
Be not the thrush that o'er the empty nest  
Is vigil keeping.

But in new efforts our regrets to-day  
To stillness whiling,  
Let us in some pure purpose find the way  
To future smiling.

*WHAT DID YOU DO?*

*WHAT DID YOU DO?*

**D**ID you give him a lift? He's a brother  
of man,  
And bearing about all the burden he  
can.

Did you give him a smile? He was downcast  
and blue,  
And the smile would have helped him to  
battle it through.

Did you give him your hand? He was  
slipping down hill,  
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.  
Did you give him a word? Did you show him  
the road,

Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like  
you,

But the grasp of your hand might have carried  
him through.

*WHAT DID YOU DO?*

Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and  
a smile

Were what he most needed that last weary  
mile.

Do you know what he bore in that burden of  
cares

That is every man's load and that sympathy  
shares?

Did you try to find out what he needed from  
you,

Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the  
fight,

When a lift just in time might set everything  
right?

Do you know what it means—just the clasp of  
a hand,

When a man's borne about all a man ought to  
stand?

Did you ask what it was—why the quivering  
lip,

And the glistening tears down the pale cheek  
that slip?

*WHAT DID YOU DO?*

Were you brother of his when the time came  
to be?

Did you offer to help him or didn't you see?

Don't you know it's the part of a brother of  
man,

To find what the grief is and help when you  
can?

Did you stop when he asked you to give him a  
lift,

Or were you so busy you left him to shift?

Oh, I know what you meant—what you say  
may be true—

But the test of your manhood is, What did  
you DO?

Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him  
the road,

Or did you just let him go by with his load?

*THE WAY TO GALILEE*

*THE WAY TO GALILEE*

CHRIST, all these creeds of theirs and mine!

These winnowed weeds of word and sign!

These mummeries of form and place!

Lives there in these Thy gentle grace?

Wilt Thou not come again, to be

The Truth that lighted Galilee?

Christ, all this gilt! This panoply!

Was Thy blood spilt to ransom me,

Or canonize the thorn and cross?

Creed deifies this ash and dross.

So wilt Thou not come soon, that we

May learn the way to Galilee?

Christ, all this show! This pomp of kings!

When Thou wert low with simple things;

*THE WAY TO GALILEE*

When fields abroad Thy temples were,  
And Thou of God the minister!  
    Wilt Thou not come again, to prove  
    The simple faith of human love?

Christ, far, how far from Calvary  
Thy temples are—the creeds there be!  
This rise and fall of creed on creed,  
When Love is all the Faith we need!  
    Christ, wilt Thou come again and be  
    Our Guide, to find us Calvary?

*THE WAKING*

*THE WAKING*

NAY, nay, not tears, not tears!  
The noblest soul is not the soul that  
fears

The rushing darkness; and the dread of night  
Is not for those who, be how grim the plight,  
See light afar, and Faith's bright gems adorning  
The sullen skies, streaked with the hope of  
Morning.

'Tis only sleep—the sleep before the waking;  
The darkness but the deeper for the breaking  
Of Dawn so soon to be. There is no weeping  
In dreamland, where the wrested soul is  
sleeping.

This silent tenement speaks but release  
From toil outworn into the ways of Peace.

His are the shaded groves, the paths untrod,  
The dreams of Saints, the promise vast of God,

## THE WAKING

The ecstasy of Knowledge earned at last  
When all the burden of the flesh is cast  
Into the gaping tomb; and Glory breaks  
In radiant light upon the soul that wakes.

What is this Voice that through the mists is  
calling:

“Lo, in my hand is every sparrow’s falling!”  
Father, my Father, be my faith unswerving,  
Thine be command and mine alone the serving.  
Thine be the wisdom. Mine, a garland  
wreathing,  
But to press on, mine Amen humbly breathing.

*SMILES TO-DAY*

*SMILES TO-DAY*

FATE, would thou wert a flower lass,  
Bright-eyed, red-cheeked, and as we  
pass

With heavy hearts, would thou mightst cry  
Thy wares of smiles and we might buy:

“Smiles to-day! Smiles to-day!  
Smiles! Sweet smiles to coax away  
Thy cares! Light hearts! This way!  
This way!  
Oh, who will buy my smiles to-day!”

Ah, more than busy wouldst thou stand  
To deal them out with lavish hand,  
Could every sad heart hear thy cry  
And of thy wares might choose and buy:

“Smiles to-day! Smiles to-day!  
Smiles! Sweet smiles to lure away  
The sting of sorrow! Hearts made gay!  
Oh, who will buy my smiles to-day!”

## WAR

### WAR

UNANGERED columns hurled upon a foe;  
Blood-guiltless souls made gory at a  
word;  
Cheeks drenched with tears, and widowed  
women's woe  
In the long wail of cloistered sorrow heard.  
Man at a cry made furious and grim  
With scent of blood and smoke of bursting  
shell;  
Dead faces on a field upturned to Him,  
And spirits flown—to Heaven or to Hell?  
Smoke, like the fumes from Hell's own caldron  
curled;  
Men schooled to murder at a bugle's blare;  
Emblems of empire from a staff unfurled,  
Blades drawn from scabbards, bidden slay,  
nor spare.

## WAR

Man and his brother, Man, the tie forgot,  
Each with his eye light with the lust of Cain;  
Blood, as the breech of belching cannon, hot,  
Leaping to splash the battled hill or plain.

Night! And long trenches with the dead thick  
laid.

Sleep! And wan beacons flaring in the sky.  
Rest! Claims a truce the blood-incrusted  
blade.

Dreams! Of the dead by those so soon to  
die.

Hark! 'Tis the bugle! And, with bloody  
hands,

Sleep greets the dawn and Murder comes  
from bed!

Lives are the ancient sacrifice of Lands.

Vainglory heaps her altar fires with dead.

*IF WE HAD THOUGHT*

*IF WE HAD THOUGHT*

**I**F we had thought,  
    How much of good  
    We might have done.  
    What we have rued,  
Of haste or pride  
    Or anger wrought,  
Might not have been  
    If we had thought.

The hasty word,  
    That hurt a heart,  
The pride that made  
    The hot tears start,  
The taunt that stung,  
    The anger hot  
Might have been spared  
    If we had thought.

*IF WE HAD THOUGHT*

If we had thought,  
    How much of grief  
We might have eased.  
    What sweet relief  
To aching hearts  
    We might have brought  
In sympathy  
    If we had thought.

If we had thought,  
    Some means each day  
We might have found  
    To smooth the way  
Of some tried soul,  
    Some desert spot  
We might have cheered  
    If we had thought.

And yet one deed  
    In kindness done,  
More glory brings,  
    More fame has won,  
Than countless good  
    We would have wrought  
To all the world  
    If we had thought.

*A MIDWINTER PASTORAL*

*A MIDWINTER PASTORAL*

THE frost gleams thick on the window  
pane,  
The cart wheels creak down the  
frozen lane;  
High from the chimneys everywhere  
Rise threads of smoke to the biting air;  
The barn door creaks with a plaintive twinge,  
Where the glistening frost tints the rusted  
hinge.

The old pump cries—a shivering cry;  
While “Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!” tramp  
the horses by.  
The chore boy shivers as he stands  
And beats his sides with his mittened hands,  
While the ice forms thick on the old pump  
spout,  
As the glistening water gushes out.

## *A MIDWINTER PASTORAL*

There's hoarfrost deep on the great ox yoke,  
And the breath of the oxen comes like smoke;  
The clothes hang stiff on the swaying line,  
And the house dog stands with a piteous whine  
At the closed storm door; and the milk cows wait  
With huddled bulks at the barnyard gate.

The prying youngster, unafraid,  
Dares tip his tongue to the frosted blade  
Of the axe that lies at the chopping-block;  
The erstwhile strut of the barnyard cock  
Is only a stiff and stilted round  
As he picks his toes from the frozen ground.

There's snow inch-deep where the cows once  
browsed,  
There's frost nail-thick on the beasts unhoused.  
The chore boy stamps in the drifted snows  
To coax the warmth to his tingling toes,  
As he drives his fork in the sodden hay,  
And the day is gray in a gloomy way.

There's a "Crunch!" and "Crunch!" as foot-  
steps stalk  
Down the sounding length of the pine board  
walk.

## *A MIDWINTER PASTORAL*

The well-wheel squeaks with a frosty note  
And the well-rope's stiff with an icy coat,  
Where gathered oxen drink their fill  
With updrawn backs, and a shiver chill.

The shed door creaks with a shivering sound  
As the soapsuds splash on the frozen ground  
Where a pail from the half-bared arms is  
    swung  
Of the kitchen maid who gives quick tongue  
In a treble "B-r-r-r-h-h!" and a grateful  
    change  
Soon finds at the glow of the kitchen range.

The chore boy beds his beasts, and then  
Shoos back to its perch a vagrant hen;  
The sodden snow from his feet he knocks  
Ere he piles the depths of the great wood-box  
With snowy sticks; and when 'tis laid,  
He steals a kiss from the kitchen maid.

The fields are white and the earth is dead;  
The frost snaps time to the chore boy's tread,  
Stands thick, like snow, on the window pane,

*A MIDWINTER PASTORAL*

And the cart wheels creak down the frozen  
lane,

While rise from the chimneys everywhere

Thin threads of smoke on the frosty air.

*A MESSAGE FROM THE NIGHT*

*A MESSAGE FROM THE NIGHT*

SWEETHEART of mine, could I steal  
    back to thee,  
    Back through the misted deeps, from  
    Spiritland,  
Or could I wing a whisper, tremblingly,  
A message thou couldst hear and understand,  
No words save only these I'd breathe to air,  
Soft as the drowsy summer winds might sigh,  
Light as the nestling roses in thy hair:  
"Sweetheart of mine, I love thee—do not  
    cry."

Mother of mine, could I look back to thee,  
To see thee sitting silent and alone,  
In the half-light, half-night, and could I see  
Thy tear-wet cheek, and hear the heart-  
    wrung moan;

## *A MESSAGE FROM THE NIGHT*

Ah, Mother mine, if I could whisper low  
A message from that Otherwhere, to fly  
Upon the wings of Love, the song would blow:  
“Mother of mine, I love thee—do not cry.”

Father of mine, could I call back to thee,  
Back through the silent mists and sombre  
    shade,

When thou art cloaked in Grief and Memory,  
Thy heart with mine in the deep darkness laid;  
Could I, from the sad silence, speak and say  
The words that wake within my heart, to dry  
Those unshed tears, close to thine ears I'd lay  
My lips—“Father, I love thee—do not cry.”

Oh, Love of mine, where'er thou art or how  
Thou wert in lifetime linked to me,  
Could I, from the far distance, on thy brow  
Lay soft a spirit hand and lovingly  
Speak to thee, light as leaf upon the air  
Floats down, or light as sleeping lilies lie  
Upon the eddying waters, thou wouldst share  
My message: “Sweet, I love thee—do not cry.”

## CONTENTMENT

### CONTENTMENT

LIVE in To-day, nor count the Future's  
sorrow;  
Live in To-day, nor dream the Future's  
pain;  
Live in To-day, there may be no To-morrow—  
To-day's delights thou mayst not know  
again.

Smile in To-day; whate'er the morrow's  
bringing,  
Smile in To-day, while yet thy heart is glad;  
Be thou the songster all this day of singing,  
To-day is bright—To-morrow may be sad.

To-day Life's harp is tuned to notes of glad-  
ness,  
Deft Happiness the sweetest notes may raise.  
To-morrow strikes its wailing strings to sad-  
ness,  
And Memory only mournful music plays.

AT THE WAR OFFICE

AT THE WAR OFFICE

A WOMAN poor and a peeress proud,  
A dingy room and a crushing crowd,  
The gloom of death and grave and  
shroud,  
A stifled cry and a sob, aloud.

A heart grows cold, and an eye has read,  
A soul has writhed, and a lowered head  
Is bowed, and a trembling tongue has said:  
“My God! My God! And *he* is dead!”

A wail, a sob, and a bitter cry,  
An anguished tear in a woman's eye,  
A peeress' face where agony  
Is carved, and a mutely murmured “Why?”

A woman stares and a peeress starts.  
Without, the din of traffic's marts  
Throbs in the streets. Lie far apart  
Their lives, but close, so close their hearts.

*BENEATH THE SNOWS*

*BENEATH THE SNOWS*

THERE are flowers of good cheer growing  
close by the way  
That stretches from dark to the dawn,  
Full wreathed in the green leaves of smiles, so  
they say,  
And never or ever are gone.  
The snows of misfortune deep mantling the  
ground,  
The blasts from the Northland grow shrill,  
Beneath we may find them full blooming  
around,  
And pluck them whenever we will.

There are ripples of laughter down deep in the  
heart,  
As flowers that bloom 'neath the snows;  
Though fettered with ice there is water apart,  
That tinkles and trills as it flows.

*BENEATH THE SNOWS*

The breath of Misfortune may strew its hoar  
frost,

The moan of the winter be chill,  
The music of joy be afar but not lost,  
And we may still hear, if we will.

There are songs of delight on the wings of the  
wind,

Though hoarser the tempest we hear,  
Though fierce in its raging the wild storm has  
dinned

Its discord of strife on the ear,  
The deep diapason, the storm's sullen roar,  
Shall sink to a murmur, be still,  
And songs that are sweeter shall tremble once  
more,

The songs we may hear, if we will.

*ALONE*

*ALONE*

I THINK ten million worlds there be  
    Instead of one; and ten times ten;  
    A world for you and one for me,  
    A world for each one soul again.  
And each is peopled with its dreams,  
    Its hot ambitions and desires,  
Each has its fields and running streams,  
    And its low burning altar fires.

And you and I walk far apart,  
    You in your world and I in mine;  
You with the comrades of your heart  
    And dreams, and cheering suns may shine  
Upon the ways you go, and I  
    May speak with you, but from you far  
As deeps of sea from vaulted sky,  
    As pit of earth from peak of star.

Each life a universe where runs  
    Space I may fathom not or you,

## ALONE

Its independent course of suns,  
Its sunshine, shower, and its dew.  
Each throb of heart, each thrill of soul  
A blazing comet in the blue,  
And lightnings flash and billows roll  
For me, but all unseen to you.

Across a chasm black as ink  
And deep as chaos we join hands  
In hollow greeting, and we drink  
A pledge, and neither understands.  
And we set out upon the way,  
Each with his world of mind and heart,  
And will be as we have been aye,  
A hundred million miles apart.

So what of us may be the soul  
Walks all alone upon its way  
To its extinction or its goal,  
Where life shall ripen or decay;  
Walks all alone and none may see  
What dreams may be or what have been—  
Your world for you, my world for me,  
That none may know or enter in.

## COMPENSATION

### COMPENSATION

HAD we not met we had not known these  
sighs,  
These heartaches and these leaden-  
wingèd years,  
The sorrows speaking in these grief-wet eyes—  
Had we not met we had not known these  
tears.

And yet, had we not met, we had not known  
The bliss of gladness in those other whiles,  
Ere the gay-plumaged yesterday had flown—  
Had we not met we had not known those  
smiles.

*FORSAKEN*

*FORSAKEN*

HIGH in the tree is an empty nest  
Whence the fledglings of yesterday  
are flown;

Hovers a bird in a vague unrest,  
Wondering, it may be, and all alone.

Wondering, it may be, or East or West  
Or South or North swept the wings untried,  
Wondering over an empty nest  
And the blue of the infinite sky, so wide.

High in the attic's a trundle bed  
Whence the child of a Yesterday is flown;  
Hovers a woman, with tears unshed,  
Wondering, it may be, and all alone.

Wondering, it may be, or East or West  
Or South or North roams the youth untried,  
Wondering over an empty nest,  
And an empty heart;—and the world so wide!

*A CREED*

*A CREED*

**T**O be earnest, to be strong,  
To make light the way with song;  
Slow to anger, quick to praise,  
Walking steadfast through the days,  
Firm of purpose, sure of soul,  
Pressing onward to the goal,  
Upright, even, undismayed,  
Sure, serene, and unafraid.

To be patient, to be kind,  
To be purposeful, and find  
Sweetness all along the way;  
Loath to judge, but firm to say  
Truth with unrelenting tongue;  
By no cavil veered or swung  
From the right, and to endure  
Hopeful, helpful, clean, and pure.

*A CREED*

To be gentle, to forgive,  
True to life and glad to live;  
To be watchful and to be  
Rich with boundless charity;  
To be humble in success,  
Strong of heart in bitterness,  
Tender, gracious, thoughtful, good  
In our man- and womanhood.

To be smiling, to be glad  
For the yesterdays we've had;  
To be grateful all the way  
For the beauties of to-day;  
To be hopeful and to see  
In the days that are to be,  
Bigger, better, broader things,  
Robes of purple, crowns of kings!

*THE ARCHER'S SHAFT*

*THE ARCHER'S SHAFT*

A FEATHERED arrow to his bow  
The archer Hatred fitted taut,  
Drew tight the bowstring, kneeling low,  
And forth a venomed message shot.

So full his quiver he forgot,  
Ere died the twang of his bowstring,  
The poisoned shaft that forth he shot,  
The venomed message set a-wing.

Until, as through the wood he sped  
Another day, he found it where  
A heart, fell stricken, lying dead,  
The shaft had pierced and quivered there.

## VANITIES

### VANITIES

“GIVE me Fame,” cried the genius.  
The wizard’s smile was grim—  
His arm stretched forth and a taste-  
less fruit  
Plucked from a rotten limb.  
“But I seek Fame,” cried the genius,  
“Ye have given me instead  
A rotten fruit.” The wizard spoke:  
“This is Fame,” he said.

“Give me Power,” cried the monarch.  
The wizard smiled again.  
A crown of thorns he gave to him  
And a sword with a bloody stain.  
“But I seek Power,” cried the monarch,  
“What have ye given instead?”  
The wizard spoke: “I tell thee, Sire,  
These are Power,” he said.

## VANITIES

"Give me Love," cried the maiden.  
The wizard sadly smiled—  
A bleeding heart he gave to her,  
And the form of a cold, dead child.  
"I asked for Love," wept the maiden,  
"Ye have given me Grief instead."  
The wizard sighed and softly spoke:  
"Love is Grief," he said.

"Give me Peace," cried the weary soul.  
The wizard laughed aloud,  
Drew forth from his store of treasure  
And gave to him a shroud.  
"I asked for Peace," he shuddered,  
"Ye gave me Death instead."  
The wizard mused. "I tell thee  
That this is Peace," he said.

*THOSE OTHER DAYS*

*THOSE OTHER DAYS*

**D**O you remember, dear, those other days  
That blossomed in the Springtime  
of our years,  
Where Memory's fading love-light only plays  
And we but see them dimly through our  
tears?

Those other days, when hopes and hearts were  
young,  
When hand clasped hand in fullness of  
content,  
Those other days, when heart songs, though  
unsung,  
Yet in a sweet and glad attune were blent.

Those other days when, out among the flowers,  
Like little children, innocent, at play,

*THOSE OTHER DAYS*

We plucked from Time the petals of the hours  
And then, like children, tossed them all  
away.

Love, could we but go back along the way,  
And gather to our hearts those scattered  
flowers,  
Restore the petals to the rose to-day—  
Ah, me! How jealously we'd guard those  
hours!

*THE REVERIES OF A WIDOW*

*THE REVERIES OF A WIDOW*

I.—THE WORM

NOW am I like a worm condemned to  
    crawl,  
    My happiness to burrow in the  
    earth,  
Seeking communion with the shape of all  
    My soul held dear; to shun the cup of mirth;  
To banish laughter as a thing profane;  
    To weed myself in black; to rear a stone;  
To bury hope; to wander down the lane  
    Of life forsaken, cheerless, and alone.

II.—THE CHRYSALIS

What shape takes now my soul that is not woe  
    Nor yet is happiness; but half between

### *THE REVERIES OF A WIDOW*

The two; the earth where I was wont to go  
For comfort chills me as a thing unclean;  
I am who am wife nor maid, what bids me leave  
This self-abasèd state and take on wings  
To fly with? Is't forbidden I shall grieve  
So long upon the dust of earthly things?

#### III.—THE BUTTERFLY

What airy wings are these, and delicate,  
That lift my soul from earth and on this  
flower  
Of hope bid me to rest and sip, nor fret  
Upon the sorrow of a vanished hour?  
Was it my soul that yesterday was cast  
Into the dust? O, Time, what magic lies  
In that weird wand of thine that gives at last  
To worms the shape and wings of butterflies?

*THE UNSOUNDED DEPTHS*

*THE UNSOUNDED DEPTHS*

THE sweetest song is the unsung,  
Unspoken is the kindest word,  
The clearest chime the heart's unrun,  
The grandest music the unheard.

Nor singer grand, nor bard with lyre,  
Within his sweetest song may hold  
The fullness of the flaming fire  
That leaps within, but is not told.

There is a grandeur and sublime  
That lingers hidden in the heart;  
That will not speak in note or rhyme,  
The fire, unseen, that flames apart.

The grandest deed is that, undone,  
Whose endless promptings veer and roll  
But take no shape—the rayless sun  
That shines unseen within the soul.

*THE UNSOUNDED DEPTHS*

And, deed or song or rhyme or word,  
That soul may stir, or heart may fill,  
There is a sweeter far, unheard,  
An unseen beauty, grander still.

No tongue can tell the deepest roll,  
Where, all unfathomed, sweep apart  
The ocean waters of the soul,  
The depths unseen, within the heart.

*TAPS*

*TAPS*

LIGHTS out! and darkness brooding  
    deep around  
Thee, soldier; not the trembling  
    bugle's sound  
Nor volley thrice repeated o'er the mound  
    Shall waken thee.

Lights out! Not where the flag of battle flies,  
Nor here, where the sad, silent shadow lies,  
Shall drumbeat call or bugle bid thee rise,  
    But silently,

Thy duty done, thou sleepest. Rest thee well;  
Nor any rude alarm shall strike and swell  
To rouse thee—Glory stands thy sentinel.  
    Good-night to thee!

*WE FORGET*

*WE FORGET*

WE lift Grief's brimming beaker up,  
We drain the deep dregs from the  
cup,

And while our lips with gall still wet  
We vow remembrance—and forget.

We drink of Pleasure's nectar sweet,  
We tread her clouds with wingèd feet,  
And while the tingling pulses yet  
Throb to her music—we forget.

A faith we pledge, a vow we plight,  
Ah, me! How more than featherlight  
Our pledges weight our souls—ere yet  
The echoes falter, we forget.

We leash the beast Ingratitude  
In better while, in greater mood,  
And ere the chain grows taut, we let  
The leash to slip—and we forget.

*WE FORGET*

We drink to Love, all protestful,  
A pledge from out the grinning skull  
Of long-dead Constancy—ere yet  
The chalice empty—we forget.

We vow, in frail and failing mood,  
Remembrance sweet and gratitude,  
Until the burden of the debt  
Chafes our light souls—and we forget.

To-day, bestrewn the troubled way  
With fears, as saints we kneel to pray;  
The way to-morrow unbeset,  
Self-proud we rise—and we forget.

9

*GIVE ME CONTENT*

*GIVE ME CONTENT*

**G**IVE me content; all else is vain,  
Nor power nor majesty may gain  
The prize, and yet in me are blent  
All these, the while I am content.

Give me content, nor anything  
Beside, uncrowned I were a king  
With this; and majesty its throne  
Might forfeit, gained it this alone.

Give me content, nor any sigh  
For things the which beyond me lie,  
And mine a heritage that gold  
Were dross beside, and honor cold.

Give me content—power or degree,  
Fame, honor, genius, majesty,  
Keep thou all these, for these all blent  
Thou givest, when I have content.

*A RAINY DAY*

*A RAINY DAY*

PUDDLES and pools in the village street,  
Dripping eaves, where the swallows  
hide,

The splash and splash of horses' feet

Down the muddy lane, and the trees beside,  
Sodden and soaked till the raindrops fall,

Like tears, and the twigs with jewels set  
Of limpid water, and over all

A haze of mist, like a cloak all wet.

Under the boughs of the great oak tree

The glistening bulks of the huddled kine;

Driven from the pasture and rhythmically

Munching their cuds, and their broad backs  
shine,

Drenched and matted with pelting rain,

Plaintively sounding a lowing wail,

A passing team in a muddy lane

And a muffled and melancholy hail.

## *A RAINY DAY*

Blinding sheets of the driven rain,  
Mist over hollow and plain and hill,  
Splashing drops on the misted pane  
That trickle down to the window sill;  
Beaten fowls with their ruffled crests,  
Crowding close to the sheltering wall,  
Dripping orchards and sodden nests,  
With mist like a wet cloak over all.

The herdsman lowers his broad hat brim  
To a sheltering slant, and the raindrops  
fall  
From the beaded edge of the lowered rim  
To the oilskin coat that envelops all  
His length; the guiding collie stops  
From gathering in the grazing flocks  
To shake from his sides the glistening drops  
That mat the mass of his silken locks.

The eave spout gushes its frothy streams,  
Whence the rain barrel fills and overflows  
Its sides, and the slate roof blacker gleams  
Through the murk and mist; the housewife  
goes

*A RAINY DAY*

From room to room lest the windows be  
Unshut, and peers through the sodden pall  
Without, and the rain beats endlessly,  
With mist like a wet cloak over all.

Sullen and sodden and soaked and splashed  
With pelting drops lies the distant field;  
The roads lie heavy, and wet steeds, dashed  
With mud, where a carriage, muddy-  
wheeled,  
Rolls down the road, and the drear day long  
The weeping clouds no comfort hold,  
The pelting rain dins a sullen song  
And the day is gloomy, gray, and cold.

*A PLAIN LITTLE WOMAN*

*A PLAIN LITTLE WOMAN*

**J**UST a plain little woman, with plain  
little ways,  
Who "tidies" the parlor with sweep-  
ing and dusting,  
Whose nights are for resting between two  
tired days,  
Whose faith is abiding, Heaven-seeking,  
God-trusting.  
A tired little woman, who puts lads to bed,  
And lassies, and tucks them all in with  
caressing,  
Who breathes a sweet prayer over each little  
head,  
And devoutly knows God and the worth of  
His blessing.  
A worn little woman, yet wearing a smile  
That resists the attack of all time upon  
beauty,

## *A PLAIN LITTLE WOMAN*

Who is, oh, such a distance from fashion and  
style,

But always so close upon patience and duty.  
Whose days are a struggle of making ends meet,  
Whose brow is deep lined with the real cost  
of living,

Whose soul has been tried fifty years and found  
sweet,

Who knows naught of getting, but knows all  
of giving.

A good little woman, who somehow has learned  
The lesson of faith that withstands every  
trial;

Whose wifehood and motherhood nobly have  
earned

The crown of her glory with thorns of denial.

A real little woman, who gives to the world  
Her children, reared up in the ways of right  
living,

Whose brow is all laureled, whose heart is all  
pearled

With year in and year out of loving and  
giving.

*A PLAIN LITTLE WOMAN*

A glad little woman for just a dim ray  
Of light in this world with its wonder and  
splendor,  
Who is never too tired at the close of her day  
To be watchful with love that is wistful and  
tender.  
Who knits and who patches, and over her  
thread  
And needle and yarn in the night-time is  
bending,  
When all of her world and its treasures in bed,  
Whose rest ne'er begins and whose tasks  
never ending.

A plain little woman with plain little ways,  
Whose life is, God knows, such a dull little  
story,  
Who mothers a brood all her tired little days—  
What measure of treasure shall be hers in  
glory!  
Who knows her as I do, and treasures the  
smile  
That resists the attacks of all time upon  
beauty,

*A PLAIN LITTLE WOMAN*

Whose ways were so far cast from fashion and  
style,

But, oh, who walked close beside patience  
and duty?

*FRIENDS OF MINE*

*FRIENDS OF MINE*

GOOD-MORNING, Brother Sunshine,  
Good-morning, Sister Song,  
I beg your humble pardon  
If you've waited very long.  
I thought I heard you rapping,  
To shut you out were sin,  
My heart is standing open,  
Won't you  
walk  
right  
in?

Good-morning, Brother Gladness,  
Good-morning, Sister Smile,  
They told me you were coming,  
So I waited on a while.  
I'm lonesome here without you,  
A weary while it's been,

*FRIENDS OF MINE*

My heart is standing open,  
Won't you  
    walk  
        right  
        in?

Good-morning, Brother Kindness,  
    Good-morning, Sister Cheer,  
I heard you were out calling,  
    So I waited for you here.  
Some way, I keep forgetting  
    I have to toil or spin  
When you are my companions,  
    Won't you  
        walk  
        right  
        in?

*NOT DEAD*

*NOT DEAD*

THE vase is broken,  
The flower is dead,  
Its petals crumbled,  
Its ashes spread.

Sweeps its ruins  
The wandering gust,  
The leaf to ashes,  
The stalk to dust.

Claims its ashes  
The waiting sod,  
But something lingers  
That came from God—

The soul of the flower  
That lives for aye,  
The scented memory  
That cannot die.

*NOT DEAD*

The vase is broken,  
The life is dead.  
The cold clay crumbles,  
In ashes spread.

The castle totters,  
With earth is blent  
The offcast mantle  
And tenement.

Claims its ashes  
The waiting sod,  
But something lingers  
That came from God.

The something voiceless,  
Shapeless, vast,  
The sweeter perfume  
That lives at last.

In dust the flower,  
The life is fled,  
But something lingers  
And is not dead.

*THREE VISIONS*

*THREE VISIONS*

I

A WAILING mite of mystery  
That in a cradle cries;  
A bud, Time-opened, where to see  
A soul that sleeping lies;  
A throbbing lump, that wonderingly  
But stares with vacant eyes.

II

A restless Longing and a Sigh  
That yearns and yearns and yearns;  
A flame, fierce-fed, and flaring high,  
That burns and burns and burns;  
A soul, God-given, with a cry,  
Returns, returns, returns.

## *THREE VISIONS*

### III

A shrouded shape that senseless lies  
Soul-silent in the mists;  
That coldly mocks at tears and sighs,  
Nor knows, nor wills, nor lists;  
A senseless thing, with lightless eyes,  
And ribbons on its wrists.

*LIFE, LOVE, AND DEATH*

*LIFE, LOVE, AND DEATH*

LIVING and loving and dying,  
Life is complete in the three.  
Smiling or sobbing or sighing,  
Which is for you or for me?  
Hoping and struggling and striving,  
Dreaming success by and by,  
But whether we're driven or driving,  
We live and we love and we die.

Aiming and hitting and missing,  
Life is complete in the three.  
The fickle world praising or hissing,  
Which is for you or for me?  
Striding or limping or creeping,  
Time drives us heartlessly by;  
Meeting and parting and weeping,  
We live and we love and we die.

*LIFE, LOVE, AND DEATH*

Yearning, rejoicing, and mourning,  
Life is complete in the three.  
Sackcloth or garland adorning,  
Which is for you or for me?  
The web of our little day, stretchèd,  
Meshes a sob or a sigh;  
Joyful or joyless or wretched,  
We live and we love and we die.

Wishing and fearing and fretting,  
Life is complete in the three.  
The world's remembrance or forgetting,  
Which is for you or for me?  
Gnarled and knotted and tangled  
The skeins of our little lives lie;  
Mud-splattered or jewel-bespangled,  
We live and we love and we die.

*SUBMISSION*

*SUBMISSION*

L ORD, only this I pray,  
That every day  
Some spirit from Thee sent  
Bring me content.

That naught of anger, pride,  
With me abide,  
But in my heart to be  
Humility.

Though the long way be lone,  
Though bread or stone  
Thou givest me, 'tis good  
For gratitude.

Though the dark day be night,  
The ray of light  
Thy will denieth me  
Some soul may see.

*SUBMISSION*

Lord, only this I pray:  
    To every day  
Thou wilt me reconcile  
    And make me smile.

*AN AUTUMN REVERIE*

*AN AUTUMN REVERIE*

AUTUMN, the artist, enters in at the  
door of September,  
Fields and the forests her studios;  
with the hand of the Master  
Mixes her colors and touches with gold the  
green of the landscape.

Down from the whispering trees the gilded  
leaves rustle and flutter,  
Russet and yellow and gold, lying like half-  
finished sketches  
Scattered about by the winds.  
Lies sere and yellow the stubble,  
Yellow and russet and red, as were the  
stripped fields the palettes  
Whereon she mixes her colors.  
Down the long hedgerows and copses,

*AN AUTUMN REVERIE*

Graceful she glides in the twilight and in the  
night with the shadows  
Plies all her brushes unthinking, inspired, as  
the soul of the genius,  
Glowing from unseen flames, glistens and  
gleams and illumines  
Darker souls with its light.  
So Autumn the artist enters,  
Fields and the forests her studios, with the  
hand of the Master  
Mixing her colors; and leaves from the whisper-  
ing tree tops that flutter  
Lie in the fields and scattered about like half-  
finished sketches.

*NOT AGAIN*

*NOT AGAIN*

**F**AITH comes the once and not again,  
And confidence; the heart is vain  
To nurse to life the trust once slain.

Honor comes once and not again,  
Sin-spotted now, all Time is vain  
To cleanse and wipe away the stain.

Love comes the once and not again,  
Word-wounded now, the heart is vain  
To heal the scar or dull the pain.

Pure hearts come once and not again,  
Tears, sighs, regrets, to cleanse are vain  
The soul that in the slime has lain.

All flawless jewels, lightly tossed  
Aside, yet, ah, the bitter cost  
Of tears once any jewel lost!

*SHIPS AT SEA*

*SHIPS AT SEA*

I SHALL have treasures from far distant  
isles,

When my ship shall come in.

Treasures of Hope and freight of Sunny Smiles,

When my ship shall come in.

What ho, my lads! Faith, Effort, and Good  
Hope!

Fling out the sail and heave ye forth the rope!

Good cheer, my lads! What of the tempest's  
din?

Steer true, my lads! The battle we shall win,  
And my ship shall come in!

Who has upon the deep no argosies

That some day shall come in?

Who has no Hopes upon the storm-lashed seas

That some day shall come in?

*SHIPS AT SEA*

Who builds no signal fire along the shore?  
Who prays not, in the storm's unceasing roar,  
That Fortune may God-speed his craft and  
    save  
His freight of Hope from rock and reef and  
    wave,  
That his ship may come in?

Yet, ah! The ships set forth upon the sea  
    That never shall come in!  
The Hopes, with flashing sails, for you and me,  
    That never shall come in!  
The sad-eyed ones who watch above the wave  
O'er the vast deep of life which is the grave  
For countless throbbing hopes! The trem-  
    bling lips  
That quiver, when they would welcome the  
    ships  
That never shall come in!

*THE HEART'S LOST*

*THE HEART'S LOST*

NOT that the dead leaves are tossed  
    Is the sharpness of grief,  
Not that the tints of the frost  
    Streak the green of the leaf.

Not in the shroud of the snow  
    That the winter has spread,  
Not in the pall is our woe  
    For the summer that's dead.

Not that the ice fetters hush  
    The sweet voice of the rill,  
Not that the song of the thrush  
    In the forest is still.

Not that the woodbine is dead  
    On the window and wall,  
Not that the robin has fled  
    From the stripped tree and tall.

*THE HEART'S LOST*

Not that the ash of the rose  
In the dust scattered lies,  
Not in the breath of the snows  
Or the winter's wild cries.

But, O Heart, what sorrows they bring,  
When the red leaves are spread!  
And, O Heart, what dirges they sing  
To thee of thy dead!

## *THE FOOL*

### *THE FOOL*

**T**HE Fool raised up a castle tall,  
With haughty spire and pillared hall,  
And circled 'round a mighty wall.

Bolted and barred, with donjon keep,  
With mighty battlements and steep,  
All moat-encompassed, wide and deep.

Raised he aloft the drawbridge wide,  
Clanged he the massive door with pride:  
"Safe here am I, whate'er betide."

Death dimly viewed his stout defense,  
Smiled on the frowning battlements  
And called his servant, Pestilence.

Set him upon the wind to ride.  
"Go seek this haughty Fool," he cried,  
"To strike him all his bars inside!"

*THE FOOL*

Grim frowns the castled pile and bold,  
Grim frown the hoary stones and old.  
Within the Fool lies, still and cold.

*THE COST OF LIVING*

*THE COST OF LIVING*

WHAT is the cost of living?  
The price of bread and a bone?  
The thirst of the parchèd lips for  
drink

And the cry for food alone?  
Masters of facts and figures,  
Ye who have writ the scroll,  
Count ye the cost as a huckster's charge,  
With never a thought of soul?

Ye with the bloodless story  
Of figures and fact arrayed,  
Heard ye no tale of the mother's pain  
On the bed where the child is laid?  
Ye tell the cost of living,  
Took ye no thought on it—  
The anguished price that a mother pays  
And the patience infinite?

*THE COST OF LIVING*

What is the cost of living?  
Saw ye no blind and lame?  
Heard ye no cry of a soul's despair?  
Saw ye no blush of shame?  
Met ye no disappointed?  
Dried ye no tearful eye  
That wept o'er the clay of an idol dead  
Ere the sun was noonday high?

What is the cost of living?  
Heard ye of none who died  
High on a cross of shattered hopes  
And longings unsatisfied?  
Saw ye no slaves unwilling?  
Heard ye no bitter cry  
Of men accursed with the taint of sin,  
Fearing to live or die?

What is the cost of living?  
All of our toil and tears,  
All of our doubts and sorrows,  
All of our woes and fears.  
Grim, and with greed increasing,  
Life for his debt claims pay,  
Never the sum decreasing,  
Now or ever or aye!

*THE RETURN OF THE DREAMER*

*THE RETURN OF THE  
DREAMER*

I HEARD, half nodding in my chair,  
A rap upon my door,  
And bade come in who might be there,  
Ashamed that my floor  
Should be so littered and ill kept;  
And then he opened wide  
My study door, as I half slept,  
And softly stepped inside.

His face was freckled with the sun,  
His legs bare from the knee,  
His trousers rested on their one  
Support unsteadily;  
He lifted off a worn straw hat  
From tangled, uncombed hair,  
But he had eyes to tell me that  
His soul was fine and fair.

*THE RETURN OF THE DREAMER*

I closed and laid aside the book  
That rested on my knee—  
His face had a familiar look  
That interested me:  
The turned-up nose, the bare, brown knee,  
The straw hat he had thrown  
Aside, the smile, the voice—yes, he  
Was someone I had known.

Then in my lap he sat him down,  
In a familiar way,  
Nor seemed to fear that I would frown  
On him or say him nay.  
“We made a pledge one time,” said he,  
“A promise and a prayer,  
As long ago as memory,  
Do you remember where?

“We made it with the dew at morn,  
When noontime splendors gleamed;  
When wearied with our play and worn,  
Beneath some bough we dreamed;  
Where brooks above their pebbles purled,  
Abreast the hilltops, too;  
A pledge of service to the world  
Of steadfast faith and true.

## *THE RETURN OF THE DREAMER*

“We pledged it when, with pillowed head,  
And wearied from much play,  
We both lay fast asleep in bed  
And dreamed of that Someday,  
When we should falter not or weep,  
But count life’s glory fair,  
If we the pledge might always keep,  
The promise and the prayer.

“I feared somehow our faith might be  
Less steadfast with the years,  
That sorrow might cloud memory  
And hope grow faint with tears;  
So I am come again to you  
From Sometime and Somewhere  
To bid you say the pledge anew,  
The promise and the prayer.”

He smiled and slipped down from my knee—  
And then I knew his name,  
And bade him stay and dream with me;  
But quickly as he came  
He went out by my study door,  
The soul of him so fair,  
And left me all alone once more,  
Alone, and dreaming there.

*THE WAYS OF A BOY*

*THE WAYS OF A BOY*

**T**HIS is the way a boy comes home,  
And the way it shall ever be:  
A scamper of feet through the leaf  
and loam,  
And the chase of a vagrant bee;  
A coat cast off and quite forgot,  
A whistle and ringing cheer,  
And a romp near every well-loved spot,  
On the way from There to Here.

This is the way a boy makes haste,  
And the way it has ever been:  
A squirrel seen is a squirrel chased,  
A top is made to spin,  
A tree's to climb and a brook's to wade,  
And the shade is a place to lie,  
After the zest of the game well played  
Where the sun was hot and high.

*THE WAYS OF A BOY*

This is the path a boy calls straight:  
By every winding way  
Where berries are or wild birds wait,  
Or squirrels dart at play;  
By banks that bid you sit and cool  
Two dusty feet and brown  
In the pebbly shallows of the pool  
That's just half-way from Town.

This is the errand swiftly done,  
As doing shall ever be:  
An ounce of care to the pound of fun  
And an hour that grows to three;  
A fence to climb and a rail to stride,  
With berries to hunt and share,  
And a breathless quarter-hour beside  
A timid ground-hog's lair.

Oh, this is the thing a boy calls Care,  
And the thing it shall ever be:  
An old straw hat that's lost somewhere  
In the shade of a far-off tree;  
A shirt that's damp and trousers rent,  
A bruise or a hornet's sting,  
And lagging footsteps choreward bent  
In the soft twilights of Spring.

*THE WAYS OF A BOY*

So these are the ways that boys all know,  
And so may they ever be:  
Fancies as fickle as winds that blow,  
And dreams as deep as the sea;  
Heaven above where the blue sky smiles,  
With no day overlong;  
And a whistle of merry tunes that whiles  
A whole world into song.

*THE SAND MAN*

*THE SAND MAN*

LITTLE heads are nodding now,  
    nodding, half asleep,  
    Sand man's coming 'round.  
Twilight growing dimmer now, shadows fall-  
    ing deep,  
    Sand man's coming 'round.  
Little hands are quiet now; sleepy, sleepy  
    head,  
Drooping, drooping eyelids that are heavier  
    than lead,  
Time that little children all were bundled off  
    to bed,  
    Sand man's coming 'round.

Birds no longer singing now; all asleep—but  
    hark!  
    Sand man's coming 'round.

## *THE SAND MAN*

Don't you hear him creeping, creeping softly  
through the dark?

Sand man's coming 'round.

Children never see him, but they surely cannot doubt,

When their little eyes are full of sand he  
scatters all about,

And rub and rub as rub they will they cannot  
get it out.

Sand man's coming 'round.

Little ones are dreaming now, dreaming with  
a smile,

Sand man's been around.

Little eyes half open but he closed them after  
while,

Sand man's been around.

Whispered in each ear, oh, such a sleepy  
lullaby,

Touching with his wand of sleep each struggling little eye,

Till it couldn't keep from closing tight, no  
matter how it try.

Sand man's been around.

*THE SAND MAN*

Children growing older now, shadows falling  
deep,

Sand man's coming 'round

Coming 'round to coax his grown-up children  
off to sleep,

Sand man's coming 'round.

Lights are growing dimmer now; weary heart  
and head,

Toil is nearly over; comes the time for rest  
instead,

Eyes on earth are closing now. Sleep! To  
bed! To bed!

Sand man's coming 'round.

*THE LITTLE BROTHER*

*THE LITTLE BROTHER*

**H**E'S not as big as us or strong,  
But when we go somewhere,  
He always wants to go along  
And wants to have his share  
Of all the fun, but he's tired out  
Before a half a mile,  
So then we boys take turn about  
And carry him a while.

His feet are not as tough as ours,  
But white and tender too,  
And he can't stand a couple hours  
Of walking like we do,  
So when we reach a stony place  
He looks up with a smile,  
And then somebody pats his face  
And carries him a while.

## *THE LITTLE BROTHER*

And then he wraps his arms around  
Your neck and holds on tight,  
Until he gets down on the ground  
Again and walks all right;  
And my! He runs and jumps about  
And feels his very best,  
Because when he was tired out  
He had a little rest.

And if we have to cross the creek  
On stepping-stones, you see,  
You hear him pipe up shrill and speak:  
"Who's going to carry me?"  
And then Bill Briggs or Henry Jones  
Will lift him the same way  
And walk across the slippery stones  
As if it was just play.

And he is never scared at all,  
Because he always knows  
That none of us will let him fall,  
No matter where he goes.  
And if his legs should start to ache  
From how he runs and plays,  
He knows some one of us will take  
And carry him a ways.

### *THE LITTLE BROTHER*

And when we're going home at last  
And pretty nearly there,  
We carry him, and he is fast  
Asleep and doesn't care  
For any troubles in the world,  
And doesn't know it's night,  
And both his little arms are curled  
Around your neck so tight.

And then, the first thing that he knows  
He's home and safe in bed,  
Somebody's taken off his clothes  
And laid his curly head  
Upon the pillow, and it seems  
He's glad as he can get,  
Because he looks as if he dreams  
He's being carried yet.

*THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR*

*THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR*

PRAY, where are the toys of Yesteryear:  
The jumping-jack with its flaring red,  
The fuzzy dog and the antlered deer,  
The drum with its sticks and tuneful head,  
The Noah's ark with its wooden crew,  
The building blocks with the letters on?  
The child has toys that are bright and new,  
But where, pray where, have the old friends  
gone?

Somewhere in the attic in corner dark  
The jumping-jack and the split drum lie,  
The wooden crew of the Noah's ark,  
And the tin of the battered infantry.  
There, half by the rubbish and dust concealed,  
The fuzzy dog and the wooden deer,  
The building blocks with their colors  
peeled  
Half off and the stringless top,—all here.

## *THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR*

Pray, where are the toys of the Yesteryear:  
The gaudy dreams with their colors gay,  
The castled hopes that were passing dear,  
The joys of our boyhood's merry play?  
The man has toys that are bright and new,  
On the wreck of dreams new dreams appear,  
But where are the hopes of the flaring hue  
That were our toys of the Yesteryear?

Somewhere in the darkness the dead dreams  
fade,  
The broken idol and shattered vase,  
The castled hopes in their ruins laid  
Come here to a common trysting place.  
Half hid by the rubbish and dust of days,  
The wrecks of unnumbered dreams are here  
That made us glad in a hundred ways,  
And these are the toys of the Yesteryear.

*THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL*

*THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY  
BELL*

I

I WAS born of the dreamings of Men;  
Of their glorious visions and vast;  
Of the hopes of great souls that were cast  
Into my being; and then  
High in my tower I sang  
Liberty's song, and I rang  
All of the dreams they had dreamed  
Over and over again.  
God, how I rang! And it seemed  
I was alive, with a soul; and my voice  
Cried from my great throat: "Rejoice, ye!  
Rejoice!  
Freedom is born in the armor of Right!  
Freedom is born in the glory of Might!  
Freedom is born, with a banner of Light

## *THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL*

White as the heat of her great soul's desires;  
Pure as the glory to which she aspires;  
High as the dreams of her patriot sires!"

### II

I was cast by the might of free souls;  
Cast in the furnace of Thought,  
Blazing and fiery and hot.  
God from his eternal scrolls  
Gave me the letters to make me a name,  
Letters to blaze with a luminous flame;  
Letters to live through the Ages the same;  
Letters to humble the Tyrant in shame;  
"Liberty!" Aye—and a Glory to be  
High as God's Heaven and deep as His sea,  
Wide as His universe—just, aye, as He!

### III

In the consecrate souls of the just  
My voice has been heard all the years.  
I am hallowed with blood and with tears.  
Kings assailed me with blood and with lust,  
But ever, up, up from the dust

## *THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL*

My soul has been lifted again  
By the might of the souls of just men,  
Who poured in the furnace wherein I was cast  
The dreams and the visions of all ages past;  
The blood of the heroes who died for my  
name  
With souls that were white as my letters of  
flame;  
The glory of lives that were given for me,  
The love that was deep as the fathomless sea  
Of Right and of Justice—that Men should be  
free!  
And to the red furnace wherein I was  
wrought  
Came patriot martyrs with souls flaming hot  
And swords gleaming sheathless—and died  
near that spot.

### IV

I am Truth, I am Love, I am Light,  
I am God's promised glory made sure.  
I am man's aspiration grown pure.  
I am Justice and Mercy and Right,

*THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL*

I am God in the souls of just men  
To lift them to Heaven again.  
I am wealth beyond riches and power above  
kings;  
I am every edged sword from a scabbard that  
springs  
In defense of the Right. I am mankind  
set free.  
I am past dreams made perfect and glories  
to be.  
I am Freedom's fair flag never more to be  
furled.  
I am God in His Heaven and Man in God's  
world.

V

I am courage full-steeled,  
Bidden die but not yield  
When the just cause is mine.  
I am altar and shrine  
Of my land and of thine,  
Where the prayers of a patriot army were said,  
Where Freedom came, weeping, to hallow her  
dead.

*THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL*

I am every tradition of Honor and Fame,  
I am Liberty blazing in letters of flame  
To light Glory's pathway for souls without  
shame.

VI

Let me swing!  
Let me ring!  
Hear me sing!  
Hear me bring  
My message of Freedom—God's voice set  
a-wing  
Proclaiming and naming each man to be king!  
Aye, cherish thou must  
Me, ye souls of the just,  
Nor Dishonor taint me  
Nor foul purpose rust,  
For do ye not cherish  
Me then shall ye perish  
With all of thy temples laid crumbling in  
dust,  
With all of thy glories grown foul with the  
lust  
Of honor's betrayal and unhallowed trust.

*THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL*

VII

Did ye think I was cracked,  
    With my tongue ever stilled?  
That the soul of me lacked  
    God's own spirit that filled  
    The souls of my sires when they heard me  
        and thrilled  
    To the notes of my music—to His purpose  
        willed  
    By patriot martyrs in blood that was  
        spilled  
That we all might be free?  
Know ye these things of me:  
That my spirit is deathless and ever shall  
    be,  
That my strength grows yet greater in souls  
    of the free.  
To slay every tyrant and free every slave;  
To brand every bigot and scourge every knave;  
    To smite every coward who skulks in my  
        path,  
    To fright every traitor with fear of my wrath,  
    To seize from Dishonor the foul spoil it  
        hath.

*THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL*

To set on Oppression the mark of my heel;  
To bid every sapper of freedom come feel  
The weight of my arm at the edge of my  
steel;

To blast with my lightnings the judge in his  
gown,

The king in his ermine, and cast them all  
down,

In death and dishonor, in wreck and in dust,  
Who dares to be faithless to me and my trust!

Aye, see me incarnate Truth, Justice, and  
Right,

As God of my fathers was incarnate Might,  
Ye builders of Temples and makers of laws

Who treat with Dishonor, nor serve in my  
cause,

And know I shall smite thee and scourge thee  
and make

Thy names to be mocked through the world  
for my sake!

VIII

But ye, O ye Freemen, who hallow my shrine  
With lives consecrated to my cause and thine,

*THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL*

How high shall I write thee in letters of  
flame

Who live for my glory and die for my name!  
Whose Faith shall be long,  
Whose great souls shall be strong  
Forever and ever to echo my song,  
To strive with injustice and battle with wrong;  
To seek out Oppression and brand it with  
shame;  
To fathom corruption and blast it with flame  
Of Justice's hot anger, how high may it be,  
How trenched and secure in the shadow of me.

IX

So cleanse ye my temples and guard every  
shrine  
To cherish in splendor these glories of mine,  
Till Evil shall hate thee,  
But glory await thee,  
And new joy elate thee,  
Thy soul to be stirred  
Above every measure, beyond every word,  
Because of my message thy soul now hath  
heard.

*THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL*

X

My sires have baptized me with blood and  
with tears—

Ye greet me with tumult and shouting and  
cheers,

But do ye baptizeme, ye men without shame,

Again, as my sires did, in Liberty's name.

No bloody baptism of fire and the sword,

A richer baptism of faith in the Lord,

Of trust in His purpose, of part in His plan,

Of His chiefest glory in justice to Man;

Of past dreams made perfect, of glories to be,

Of lives consecrated that men shall be free;

Of Hope to be glad as the spirit of me;

Of Love to be wide as the sweep of the sea;

Of right to be sure and eternal as He

Who blazed me in luminous letters of flame

To light Glory's pathway for souls without  
shame!



And here this book, "The  
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